The Prince of Wales's Racing Stud, page 1386.

Modern Life

No. 58. SATURDAY, JUNE 13th, 1914. (Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.) ONE PENNY.

THOROUGHBRED.

Modern Life

No. 58. Week ending June 13. One Penny.

Editorial & General Offices: 20 and 21, Essex Street, Strand, London, W.C. Telegrams: "Eflinredom, Estrand, London." Telephone: City 8798.
Publishing Department: 20, Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.
Annual Subscription, 6/6; six months, 3/3; three months, 1/8 post free. Subscriptions are to be forwarded to the Publishing Department at above address.
Notice to Contributors:—The Editor is at all times ready to consider good topical articles and short stories (not to exceed 1,500 words). Humorous and topical sketches (line drawings) will also be considered. Stamped envelope should be enclosed. The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the accidental loss of any contribution submitted on approval.

ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS.

(Exclusive to "Modern Life.")

The Prince of Wales to have a Racing Stud.

"The Pragger Wagger has got it badly, and whether his father takes the Blue Riband or not, the Prince is certain to do it, for there is no man in the 'Varsity with a keener ambition for Turf honours!" This is the latest about the Heir Apparent from Oxford, as expressed to me by a pal at Magdalen College, who also informs me that the Prince has manifested his Turf fever by re-decorating his rooms in the College with sporting prints. Always a good rider from infancy, the future King Edward the Eighth followed the hounds with the Vale of White Horse and the pack in Norfolk; took the keenest interest in the last "grind" at Oxford; has already had some quite substantial bets with a very select crowd amongst the men of the Bullingdon Club, and, when the truth comes to be properly known—as some day it will, when the annals of Polo are written—the trip which Lord Wimborne's team are taking across the Atlantic in pursuit of that illusive America Cup is not a little due to the Prince of Wales, who feels the disgrace of our being unable to bring that Cup back from America as if it were a personal matter of his own.

* * *

The Prince's Stud Cordially Supported by Queen Mary.

And I am informed by one who would not even suggest the possibility did he not know it to be a fact of the future, that the first move of the Prince of Wales when he is finally out of leading-strings (which, of course, will not be until his 'Varsity days are o'er) will be a stud of racers of his very own; and I can say with authority, moreover, that whether King George sanctions the Prince's stud or not, it will come into existence, and with Queen Mary's full approval, too.

Queen Mary, of course, like all the Cambridge family, loves the Turf, and, in spite of the Royal mourning for the Duke of Argyll, went down to see the Derby. Even the possibility of witnessing another hideous suffragette tragedy on the course did not deter Queen Mary from the Derby, though ever since that mad creature died on Epsom Downs as a result of trying to bring down King George's horse Anmer, Her Majesty has shuddered at the possibility of being the witness of another incident of a like blood-curdling character. With a record field of starters, and a horse from the King's stud, the probability of the Anmer incident being repeated was extremely probable, especially as the "Silly Suffs" seem to have notched the King's portraits for destruction from Edinburgh to Piccadilly.

* * *

Queen Mary as Britain's Most Enthusiastic Lady Turfite.

Queen Mary not only thoroughly enjoys a day's racing now and again, but she knows the way to the people's hearts for her eldest son, and the Prince's stud will have no greater patron than His Royal Highness's august mother! The Prince's colours are, curiously enough, about as near an imitation of the colours of the "Silly Suffs" as could be manufactured—purple, gold, and green. This, of course, is a coincidence. Queen Mary would have gone down with the King to the Oaks had there been a possibility of His Majesty winning the race, but the King's only entry, La Marquise, was an untried horse, without a chance against such a flyer as Princess Dorrie. La Marquise, nevertheless, arrived fourth in a field of twenty-one. Queen Mary was hugely delighted with the victory of the King's horse Vervaine at Kempton Park on Saturday, for it was the first time on record that the Royal colours have carried off the Redfern Two-Year-Old Plate—and its £800! Though Her Majesty could not go to the Oaks herself, she sent her two first cousins, Sir Adolphus Fitz-George and Sir Augustus Fitz-George, down in the King's special.

* * *

Gustav Hamel: Pathetic Incident at a Ball.

Poor Gustav Hamel! What tender emotions his name will recall in many of the smartest houses in Britain for years to come! There was quite an affecting little scene the other night at Lady Waldstein's dance. As the morning dawned a club messenger brought round the latest about the lost aviator to a Guards officer who had been dancing with Priscilla Lady Annesley and Lady Clare Annesley, were in a little party which included that redoubtable young aviatress, Lady Victoria Pery, Lord Limerick's eldest girl. "All hope abandoned!" was the message from the club. "Parts of the biplane have been found near Dover." Tears welled up to the eyes of Lady Victoria Pery, and she was given a seat under the palms. She, at any rate, will never forget Gustav Hamel, and when his name is forgotten by the world Lady Victoria will recall the happiest hours of her jubilant young life away in mid-air with the fascinating young Anglo-French airman.

* * *

Why the Ladies all Loved the Lost Aviator.

For Gustav Hamel was in every way "Quite English, you know!" Nothing about him but his name suggested the "forriner!" His sunny smile and child-like *bonhomie* fascinated all comers. Educated in London, he spoke English without an accent, and was a man of the true public school type, gallant and chivalrous, buoyant and optimistic. No wonder the ladies all loved him!

* * *

How Queen Mary looks after the Tecks.

The Duke of Teck, as Governor of Windsor Castle, will not change his residence, for, curiously enough, there is no residence in the Castle for the Castle's Governor and Constable. That will not much matter, however, for the Duke will return to Henry III.'s tower, when his brother Prince Alexander of Teck, vacates that romantic residence when he goes to Canada in the autumn. The Governorship of Windsor is always reserved as a "perk" for a Royal prince, or one in close alliance with the First Family. The late Duke of Argyll received the Governorship of the Castle as long ago as 1892, with a salary of £1,200, which the Duke by no means despised. Some years after he got a residence when the Governorship of the Military Knights fell vacant, and Queen Victoria conferred this additional appointment upon him, with a house. No doubt this appointment will also fall to the Duke of Teck when next it falls vacant.

The Duke of Argyll's predecessor in the Governorship of Windsor Castle was that now-forgotten Royal nephew, Admiral Prince Victor Hohenlohe, to whose romantic marriage with Lady Laura Seymour, the daughter of Admiral Sir George Seymour, K.C.B., we owed the silly story that our Sailor-King had, when at Malta, married the daughter of Admiral Sir Michael Culme-Seymour. The son of Admiral Prince Victor Hohenlohe is that General Count Gleichen who commands one of the Irish brigades, and who lives in Engine Court, St. James's, where his handsome mother lived for the fifty years during which she was all-but forgotten, except by the Court. After some years Queen Victoria so far recognised her alliance with Her Majesty's sailor nephew as to grant her the right to use her Royal husband's title as "Princess Victor Hohenlohe." It will be remembered that Count Gleichen's sisters were raised to the rank of Marquess's daughters by King George some months ago.

* * *

No more Un-Royal Folk to have Residences in Windsor Castle.

Henry III.'s tower has provided a home for Prince and Princess Alexander of Teck ever since their marriage at Windsor in 1904. Their children have all been born there, and at least one of the Duke of Teck's little daughters was born there too. Queen Mary, as already pointed out, looks after her brothers with much filiality, and in the autumn the King lends Prince and Princess Alexander the house of Abergeldie, two miles from Balmoral, which King Edward acquired when he was heir-Apparent. Nowadays

LOOK OUT FOR OUR SPECIAL PETROL NUMBER NEXT WEEK.

"A new lodger came while you were out, mam, a young lady."
"Is she pretty?"
"Awfully."
"Then put an extra strip of carpet in front of her mirror."

ere is no probability of any of the Royal mansions in indsor Castle being handed over to un-Royal folk, as ed to be the case, for with so many little Tecks growing it will be difficult in a few years' time to find households r them all. Henry III.'s Tower, before the advent of the uke of Teck, followed by Prince Alexander, was occupied r nearly a quarter of a century by the late Hon. Lady ddulph, widow of Sir Thomas Biddulph, Keeper of the ivy Purse to Queen Victoria.

* * *

otable Reappearance of the Queen-Mother's Oldest Equerry.

Once again may be witnessed a spectacle which for enty years past has stirred thousands to emotion. Facing r in her victoria as she drives out by day or night, ueen Alexandra once more has that magnificent old man, neral Sir Dighton Probyn, V.C., than whom no hand- ner or more gallant old fellow lives to-day. For many ars Sir Dighton did equerry's duty to the Queen-Mother til he had to give it up as the result of a serious illness, om which nobody expected he would recover, seeing at he is now over eighty, and had grown somewhat cble.

That the plucky old General with the long white beard s got over his trouble sufficiently again to play the part friend and father (for that is how his very courteous and mble attendance upon Queen Alexandra always strikes holders) to the Queen-Mother will be a real source of easure to that large army of London folk who never iss a Royal show, and who study the looks and accoutre- ents of Royalty as perspicaciously as horse-trainers study e points of blood colts and fillies. Sir Dighton Probyn d, we believe, lost his rooms in Buckingham Palace in e present reign, and some time ago sold off all his chattels, expectation that he would not be required any longer. o one, we are sure, is more delighted at his apparently mplete recovery than Queen Alexandra.

Ducal Survivors of the Days of George IV.

The Duke of Grafton and his brother, Lord Fred, are making the best of their young lives. His Grace will be ninety-three next month, and Lord Frederick Fitz-Roy is ninety-one, and they are the last of all the great Grafton family born to the fifth Duke of Grafton, whose marriage with Miss Berkeley took place over a hundred years ago. The Duke of to-day is a grand old veteran of the Crimea, and the only one of our dukes who has attained high military rank. His Grace was a General in the Army, and is the oldest living Equerry to Queen Victoria. Last week His Grace loyally turned up at the Empire Day celebrations at his little Northamptonshire village of Yardley Gobions, and the same day his only surviving brother, Lord Fred, made a speech to the schoolchildren on his Sussex property at Balcombe, and presented the children with the big Union Jack which the children of the school in New Zealand had sent over for that purpose. No one can say the Duke and his brother show any signs of that "degeneracy of the Aristocracy" of which we hear so much nowadays!

* * *

The Year of the Beautiful Debutantes.

The year 1914 is destined to go down in social annals as the year of the Beautiful Debutantes. Never was there such a galaxy of English beauty "on parade" as during the present season. The most important of the debutantes this year, Lady Maud Cavendish, while by no means a "beauty," is an interesting girl, and the subject of much comment in Society owing to her inheritance of the Cavendish under-lip and sleepy eye. This characteristic is as natural to the Cavendishes as the "Hapsburg lip" is to the Austrian and Spanish royalties. This year everybody seems to have something young and pretty to take out. Even that cheery "widdy," the Duchess of Buckingham and Chandos, is happy in 1914, for her niece, Miss Gore Langdon, takes up the Duchess's time in just the way the Duchess likes. A very fine woman is the last of the Buckingham duchesses. This notorious title is certainly being whitewashed by her Grace in its expiring days!.

LOOK OUT FOR OUR SPECIAL PETROL NUMBER NEXT WEEK.

Debutantes—*and* Debutantes.

Some other great ladies who have pretty daughters "in the market" this year are the Duchess of Abercorn, the Duchess of Leeds, the Marchioness of Bradford (though Lady Norah Spencer Churchill is no debutante now), the Marchioness of Bath and Sligo, the Countess of Arran, Annesley (Dowager, of course), Cairns, Dudley, Essex, Lisburne, Dundonald, Harrowby, Radnor, Lichfield, March, Kanfurly and Verulam; Viscountesses Valentia, Goschen, Falkland, and Fielding, and a host of baronesses, baronetesses, and lesser folk. Amongst the first hundred of the 1914 debutantes it is difficult to say which is really the handsomest girl, and perhaps it would be uncharitable, too. Lord Verulam's daughter is amongst the sweetest of the company, and about the most pathetically placed. For it isn't all honey being a debutante, when you are compelled to smile sweetly upon such rivals as the Curzon girls, with their thousands a year each, when you aren't worth a clear tenner of your very own!

* * *

Society's Greatest Ducal "Goers"!

Curiously enough, the most enthusiastic "goers" in "'Igh Sassiety" in the twentieth century have not got a debutante, and are not likely ever to have one. They are the big Duke of Somerset and his charming Duchess, and their powers of doing are the marvel of all their rivals. Since the days when her Grace turned up her sleeves and skinned the hares and grilled the venison for her Duke in the Canadian wilds there have been no more unflagging pair in the Peerage. It is nothing to this now more-than-middle-aged couple to do two balls a night—they did so without blinking only last Tuesday, when their Graces put in a couple of hours at the Marchioness of Bute's in Regent's Park, and then went on to Mrs. Burns-Hartopps's in Grosvenor Square, with the Marchioness of Sligo and the Browne ladies, who are as indefatigable, though, of course, years younger than the Somersets. The Duke was a "gay spark" nigh upon half a century ago, but time does not wither nor custom stale his infinite variety.

Susie Mackinnon Becomes First Lady in the Land!

The Duke of Somerset is within measurable distance of the allotted span, and his wonderful stamina is the wonder of all beholders. His Grace is well taken care of by his Duchess, who was the widow of the late Baron de Tuyll, and she has been (next to her Grace of Norfolk) Premier Lady of Britain after the Royal princesses for nearly forty years. The Duchess has, ever since her rise to first position at the Coronation of ten years ago, figured amongst the luminous stars of Society. That position she achieved owing to there being then no Duchess of Norfolk to accompany the Howard Duke to the Abbey. Somerset's Duchess, therefore, became First Lady in the Land after the Royalties; yet, a girl, she was plain Susie Mackinnon.

* * *

No Unofficial American Peeress at the Duchess of Marlborough's.

As our readers know, the American peeresses are somewhat "in the shade" this season; hence the absence of Royalty, except for two of the young Battenbergs, at the Duchess of Marlborough's great annual crush at Sunderland House last Monday night. The Duchess has herself cold-shouldered her compatriots with somewhat needless severity, and of all the great crowd at her gathering the only American peeresses who attended were the two ladies who *had* to be invited, the Countesses of Granard and Craven, they being both in the Court—Lord Granard as the King's Master of the Horse, and Lord Craven as Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard. Lady Granard was, of course, Miss Ogden Mills, and Lady Craven was Miss Bradley-Martin. None of the Blenheim family were invited, either to the dinner or dance, not even Lady Randolph Churchill (who was an American also), and the Duke's mother has again ceased her chaperonage of her tall and handsome daughter-in-law. The Duchess, I hear, is shortly going off to America for a few weeks with her mother, Mrs. Belmont.

* * *

The Prussian Mesalliance.

In the matter of the Kaiser's son and the stately Countess Ina von Passawitz. It may amuse some people that the

TAKING IN THE OZ—ONE.

A DOUBTFUL QUANTITY.

The Infant: "Are you really a miniature painter, Mr. Stipple?"

Kaiser has failed to do quite what he liked with his sons, so far as their marriages are concerned. However, we are a trifle sorry for His Imperial Majesty. For one thing, morganatic marriages in Germany have not usually been successes; for another, no one can say there ever was a royal pair—not even our George and Mary!—who were wiser parents or wiser in bringing up their children. And no one knows better than the grandson of Queen Victoria how simple it is for a dynasty to fail in fifty or a hundred years—and the new morganatic alliance of Prince Oscar finally puts him "out of the running" for the Prussian succession.

* * *

Why the Kaiser is Mortified About it.

Think what this means to William the Second to None. It means that all the time and trouble that has been taken with Oscar's education and training are wasted; that he descends at once to a simple German noble, whose children will have no possible chance of ever being Kings in Prussia, and certainly not Emperors in the Deutschland. One cannot fail to sympathise with the Kaiser, especially with such a galaxy of Royal pretties growing up in England and elsewhere. With five other sons all "ready and willing" to ensure the Prussian succession, this might seem to be a small matter, but our old King George III. had nine sons, seven of whom lived to maturity, and married, and to-day only one of those seven married sons has a direct male descendant. And he (the Duke of Cumberland) is unknown in this country.

* * *

"Whitewash."

It is fashionable just now to "whitewash" ancestors, glossing over grave faults and making them appear in a totally different light, and the latest to undergo the process is the third Earl Stanhope, ancestor of the present Lord Stanhope, his uncle Lord Weardale, and numerous other Stanhopes. This Earl Stanhope was no doubt a remarkable character of a stormy period, a genius, and clever inventor, and a staunch friend of liberty, justice, and humanity generally, but at the same time he was singularly lacking in consideration for his family; in fact he was a tyrannical brute at home. Always very eccentric, eventually his peculiarities became intolerable. He sold his horses and carriages to the great inconvenience of a delicate wife, refused to send his sons to school or college, and denied himself the comforts of life, sleeping in an uncarpeted room, with all the windows open, but with blankets piled on the bed. He detested anything approaching finery, and if he saw his wife or daughters in a becoming dress he would insist upon it being replaced by another of the coarsest and ugliest material. One by one his sons managed to leave their home, Chevening, near Sevenoaks, though closely watched; two of his three daughters, whom he thoroughly disliked, took refuge with relatives, and the third and prettiest he married to a country doctor when only sixteen. Lord Stanhope's eldest daughter was the eccentric Lady Hester Stanhope, who led a wandering life in the Syrian desert and died there in 1839.

* * *

By all means give the eccentric peer credit for his talents, scientific researches, and mechanical genius, which found vent in numerous inventions, some of which proved of lasting value, but not for virtues he never possessed. He invented a calculating machine long before the days of Babbage, also an improved printing-press, which was universally copied; and, above all, he constructed in 1793 the first boat ever propelled by steam, which he experimented with on the lake at Chevening. This cost him twenty years of labour and much money, and when he offered his invention to the Admiralty it was refused! Another valuable invention was one for rendering buildings fire-proof. There is a good deal of ability and general cleverness in the Stanhope family, and it doubtless comes from this Lord Stanhope.

ROYAL SOCIETY of MINIATURE PAINTERS,
Maddox-street Galleries, 23A Maddox-street, W.
ANNUAL EXHIBITION Open, May 19 to June 10, 10 to 6.
CECIL W. QUINNELL, Hon. Sec.

LIVELY LITTLE LEADERS

POOR LAURENCE IRVING!

The dramatic and much-regretted death of Laurence Irving in the wreck of the "Empress of Ireland" is the sort of death that seems well in keeping with such a family as the Irvings—or the Brodribbs, to give them their original family name. The dead actor's father, it will be remembered, died practically on the stage at a most dramatic moment in "Becket." He swooned when kneeling at the altar and saying the line of the play "Into Thy hands I commend my spirit," and only lived to be taken to his hotel in Bradford, where he was playing, by his faithful servant.

Laurence Irving was always a rather remarkable sort of man, but in quite a different sort of way from that of his father. The two were always original in the things they did, always different from everyone else in their ways and means, both on and off the stage. They had both, in fact (and Henry Irving, of course, especially so) a touch of that eccentricity that always seems to accompany genius. Not that Laurence Irving was a genius, or a great actor even, in anything like the sense that his father was. But he had undoubtedly a touch of the real stuff without which none become head and shoulders above their fellow men. In some of his parts Laurence Irving was at times great, and he was always a very able and original actor, although there was a good deal about him that was mysterious and that no one could quite make out. In fact he was an original sort of being altogether, yet quite differently so from his much-loved father. One could hardly say that any one loved Laurence Irving—he had none of the magnetic personal charm and delightful humanity of his father, that wonderful supply of the most generous-hearted Bohemianism and unselfishness that always made Henry Irving really worshipped by all who knew him, and dearly loved by millions of his fellow-countrymen, thousands of whom had never seen him either in a theatre or out of it. And then, Laurence Irving was all too fond of saying openly what he thought either on the stage or off—I mean, all too fond from the point of view of the conventional public, for I myself (as you will know from these articles) rather like that type of man. He didn't care "tuppence" what he said at rehearsal, or how he said it, and we all remember his dramatic outburst regarding Allan Dale, the famous American critic, who "gave him beans" upon a memorable occasion. I forget the exact expression Laurence Irving used regarding this strenuous denouncer of acting that he doesn't like, but it was something very slangy and very nasty, and that did not altogether tend to give the public a pleasant idea of the sort of man Laurence Irving was. It was very undignified, too, and the sort of slanging back of which his father would have been quite incapable, for Henry Irving always preferred the "chicken and champagne" supper method with recalcitrant critics, who did not come to heel at the bidding of the cult of the great actor.

Still, Laurence Irving was a man for all that, and a good man too, and a good actor. His splendid heroism at the moment of his tragic death, as reported in the papers, was worthy of him, and worthy of the fine family that has done such incalculable good to the best interests of the British stage.

Possibly very many of my readers have forgotten the way in which Laurence Irving originally came dramatically before the public. He did it by attempting to commit suicide. He was on tour with the Benson crowd, and, I think, it was at Nottingham that he took poison, and very nearly killed himself. His father was at the height of his fame at the time, and the incident created profound sympathy with him. There were, of course, those who said that Laurence Irving never intended to kill himself, but just wanted a good advertisement, but this was all nonsense. As a matter of fact the young actor was broken down by an attack of melancholia, and hardly knew what he was doing at the time, and so gave way to that strain of tragedy and melancholy that has always been a characteristic of the Irving family, and without which neither Henry Irving nor any other tragedian ever became great. And, as in the case of Mabel Love and other "mummers" who have at first (willingly or unwillingly) advertised themselves by the suicide method, Laurence Irving's attempt at suicide first drew the public's attention to the fact that Henry Irving had a second son with something of the genius of the family in him. He had been hidden away in the diplomatic service in Russia, and had not come before the public to any material extent. But once "in the limelight" he hardly ever looked back, and made for himself a good place on our stage, though in my humble opinion he was never the actor that his brother is. Still, that is a matter of opinion, for there are those who say, and always did say, that Laurence was the one who had inherited the most of the genuine acting stuff that, with all his eccentric methods, made of Henry Irving the greatest actor of his time, and, in some of his parts, one of the greatest actors of all time.

But, after all, the interest of Laurence Irving to me at the present time is this—that he stood for that which is the greatest thing in the history of dramatic art—the turning away of the British public, at the instance of Laurence's father, from the bigoted Puritanism that so long infested and almost destroyed the English stage. To the Irving family, father and sons, the British public will ever owe a deep debt of gratitude, and especially so, of course, to Henry Irving. But all the fine and honourable traditions of Henry Irving and the stage have been worthily remembered and stuck to by his clever sons, and in this respect they too, as members of a great and glorious theatrical family, will assuredly not be forgotten when the history of the stage of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries comes to be written.

And may one hope, too, that, in the face of the good life's work and heroic death of Laurence Irving, the large number of puritanical people who still do their best to hound down anybody connected with the stage, will at last see the decency of crying halt? When those of us who are interested in the development of the theatre study the wonderful progress it has made from the days of Henry Irving to those of Bernard Shaw, in the face of the fierce bigotry and antediluvian prejudices of the puritanical sections of English society, and then see the stage and all connected with it still reviled by pitiable hypocrites, it makes us sad indeed for the future of all art and truth in this country. It is a most repulsive side of our national hypocrisy that even to-day we label actors and actresses as in a sort of way, in the mass, outside the pale of highly respectable and God-fearing men. We even have the gross impertinence to get up special missions for theatrical people, and only the other day we actually saw a leading light of the church going the round of the theatres in a big city, and begging the poor and eternally lost actors to come to church. And to my idea it was a generous feather in the cap of those actors and actresses that they did not take the good parson by the scruff of the neck and chuck him ignominiously into the street. When, in God's name, I should like to know, are we going to have a special mission for the many parsons who degrade their high calling by fornication and deadly sin in secrecy and in shame, and of whom we only hear when the papers get hold of the wretched elopement or divorce case of some high and mighty and holy clergyman? When, in God's name, are we going to have a special mission for dentists and doctors, for barristers and solicitors, for earls and countesses, for drapers and grocers? When are we going to grasp the simple little fact that the people of the stage are just human beings like ourselves, and that, in that they profess little and, in strenuous life and heroic death, like poor Laurence Irving, often and often do so much, they may one day climb the golden stairs with a facility and a welcome at the top before which the sanctimonious snivelling of their bigoted calumniators will pale into the insignificance of a wretched oblivion?

JONATHAN GRUB STREET.

Tell a beggar to fill his basket and he will howl because he did not bring a larger one.

* * *

Everything depends on comparisons—to the worm, the tortoise is a reckless chauffeur for speed.

* * *

A guilty conscience seldom goes as far as to return a borrowed umbrella.

* * *

Most of the shadows that cross our path come from our standing in our own light.

* * *

Few men who take a better-half prepare for the worst.

LOOK OUT FOR OUR SPECIAL PETROL NUMBER NEXT WEEK.

WHO, WHY, WHEN AND WHAT.

LITTLE QUESTIONS FOR PROMINENT PEOPLE.

How Princess Mary liked being mistaken for a suffragette at the Aldershot aerodrome, and if she succeeded in securing some interesting snap-shots before the policeman took her prisoner"?

* * *

If the song, "You Made Me Love You," has not been the cause of much amorous complication between a certain charming English actress and the son of an American railroad king, and if the affair will eventually find its way into Court?

* * *

If the Shepherd's Bush exhibition will be the "pink" of perfection this year?

* * *

If the Bond-street dealer in antiquities is feeling very perturbed over the visit of his Lordship in connection with the valuable old snuff-box which he recently "picked up cheap" from the latter's impecunious nephew?

* *

The identity of the jockey who received a hint *not* to accept the invitation to the Jockey Club dinner at Buckingham Palace, and why?

* *

If the woman who has been appointed captain of a Danish vessel has qualified for the position by extensive experience with court-ships?

* *

If the estate authorities of a certain ambitious suburb are offering money prizes for the best kept front gardens, and if it is fast becoming the practice of the inhabitants to parade the streets on Sunday afternoons criticising their neighbours' efforts and culling hints?

* *

The name of the Fleet Street journal which paid Lord Curzon £5 for the article on India, and why they never printed it?

* *

If Lord Frederick Fitzroy really told the journalist that he thought it "such fun riding on the tops of omnibuses"?

* *

Why the wife of a certain politician has been using her influence to get her former maid on to the stage, and if the latter has any hold over her?

* * *

What is the very interesting history attached to the rope of pearls which Mrs. Cornwallis-West wore at the Duchess of Westminster's dance?

* * *

The nature of the particular undergarment which a fashion writer describes as "made of diaphanous shell-pink chiffon trimmed with rosebuds which may be drawn quite easily through a wedding-ring," and why a *wedding*-ring?

* * *

What the young officer has done with the spray of Canterbury bells which Lady Maud Cavendish tossed to him over the bannisters at the Devonshire House ball?

* * *

If it may be taken as a sign of exceptional prosperity that the five well-known bookmakers who supped at Romano's on Derby night ended up by quarrelling over who should have the honour of paying the bill?

* * *

When Sir Edward Carson is going to marry Miss Ruby Frewen?

* * *

If a new split has taken place between certain of the most prominent militant leaders?

* * *

The identity of the wealthy young man-about-town over whom the two musical comedy ladies came to blows at the fashionable restaurant the other evening, and if he isn't getting very tired of having the episode recounted to him by all his friends?

* * *

If the very amusing cartoon at present in the possession of Mr. Gordon Selfridge has been the cause of a serious rupture between a certain well-known revue writer and an influential member of the Savage Club, and what Hassall thinks about it?

* * *

What the Censor will reply to Mr. J. T. Grein's request that he should license Ibsen's nasty "Ghosts"?

* * *

What George Meredith means by "the masterly pathos of disguised simplicity"?

* * *

Why do the women in the audience applaud so loudly the line: "I have noticed that men grow amorous after dinner," in the revival of "An Ideal Husband," at the St. James's?

* * *

Whether it would not have been more seemly for H. B. Irving to have rested from acting on the day that news of his brother's death was confirmed, and to have spared his Oxford audience the "dear brother" speech of the following Monday?

* * *

What connection is there between the unrest in Albania and the state of the Emperor of Austria's health? And what European country was directly responsible for the recent rebellion against William of Wied?

* * *

Who is the prominent and wealthy railway magnate who has bought and is running the *Globe* newspaper, and why has his identity been so carefully shielded from the public?

* * *

What is Mr. Hall Caine's *real* opinion of "Plaster Saints"?

* * *

If the proprietress of the Sackville Street tea-rooms would not have been more polite if she had known the identity of the young couple who had tea there the other afternoon?

* * *

If it is true that Mme. Tetrazzini is receiving so many bouquets at the Savoy Hotel that she has to give away over fifty per cent. of them? And what does Mme. Melba think about it?

UNPLEASANT HEARING.

He: "I would like to know why you refuse to marry me?"
She: "Pardon me, but I don't think you would."

LOOK OUT FOR OUR SPECIAL PETROL NUMBER NEXT WEEK.

MORE OR LESS.

Three Fine Days.

If there is anything more fickle in the world than a woman it is the weather. I never know what to put on in the morning when I get up, a muslin frock or my fur coat. Whichever I do put on I am bound to regret later in the day. Our English summer is a very elastic thing, it seems to include all the other seasons within its embrace. The truest definition of it, of course, is the old one of three fine days and a thunderstorm. This, when you come to think of it, applies to love as well. Three fine days at a crescendo rate of temperature, then a deluge, and after, the decline of man and the fall of woman. And it's quite enough, too. Only a gourmand in love would want a continual feast of it. And even he would find a difficulty in discovering new ways of serving it up after a time. Too much of anything is always a mistake. And woman has long ago discovered this. A man will always tell you that a good dinner is wasted upon a woman. Perhaps. But in one thing, at least, she is an epicure. She knows very well that love can only be served up once and in one way—hot and sweet. A *réchauffé* of love is always a mistake. The ingredients are too mixed.

* * *

Marriage as a Beauty Doctor.

Some wise person has just discovered that matrimony is an aid to beauty. Now, I should never have thought that myself, judging from the wedded specimens I have seen. And almost any matron will tell you plaintively that the wear and tear of married life have robbed her of her figure and her looks. And I can't help thinking this is true. You meet a charming young girl expensively panoplied with all the arts of feminine warfare, just on the eve of getting married. You meet her again ten years afterwards, and instead of the charming girl you find a dowdy frump with a lost waist-line engaged in a constant search for cooks. No woman of my acquaintance recommends marriage as a beautifier. As for men—will you tell me, please, why the clubs are so full? Because a club is the Benedict's sanctuary. Once across its threshold he is safe from the wife of his bosom and the stolid joys of matrimony. Anything legal is always dull, whether it's a judge or matrimony. And yet, according to no less a person than an eminent barrister, "plenty of people pray to get married." I daresay they do, if they are brought up on a course of six shilling novels, where all the heroines are fair and good and all the heroes dark and not good. In our more prosaic life the very thing we are sure about getting when we marry is what we didn't expect. No man ever marries the real woman he proposes to; just as no girl ever weds the man she thinks he is. Both marry creatures of their imagination and are disappointed to find them quite different when reduced to flesh and blood. I think the devil invented marriage for a purpose of his own. He knew that a lot of salt would be needed to flavour it. What kind of salt? As if you didn't know!

* * *

Pot Luck.

Is there anything in the world quite so brown as a gipsy baby? It was as if a lot of extra-sized walnuts had suddenly developed arms and legs and become human to see them rolling over the Downs at Epsom recently. I have a weakness for gipsies myself. Thieves they may be, liars certainly, but they have a fascination of their own, and the girls and boys are all so handsome. One can forgive a stalwart youth cheating one over the sale of a basket, for the sake of his Red Indian profile, which makes one quite easily transform him into a Big Eagle warrior with feathers in his hair. There is a gleam in his eye too, if he doesn't get the price he demands for his wicker-work, that makes one think scalping would to him be a quite easy accomplishment. As for the gipsy maiden, with the night in her hair and the mystery of all the stars in her eyes, she is an enchanted princess in a dirty blouse! She will sell you a future for one silver sixpence, and she has a voice as shrill as an East wind. But her beauty would put many a Society girl to shame, for beauty is the gift of the gods, and a gipsy girl sat with Jupiter on Olympus. True, he probably only asked her to share pot-luck with him, and that is why her share of the world's goods will always be small. A man can drop into dinner with the gods and never be any the worse. But it doesn't do for a girl to take pot-luck—even with the gods, when it's a question of love.

* *

From Seventy to Seventeen.

I saw an old woman dancing a jig the other day outside a village pub to the measure set by a sad brown fiddle so out of tune that it sobbed all the time it sang. She was quite a respectable old woman in the beaded black beloved of persons of her class and age, and the sober feathers of her bonnet shook with horror as she bobbed and bounded on the mellow green in the red sunset. People around started and smiled, and encouraged her by fresh efforts by hand and voice. It was a public holiday, you see, and one of the big black bottle on the wooden table had sprung a geni potent as only of those out of the "Arabian Nights." Well, why not? Youth is so precious a gift that even if she returns to us only momentarily out of a glass of ale she is still youth in a green frock, even if she wears hop leaves in her hair. The old lady dancing the jig probably imagined herself for the time the rustic lasted the pretty girl in starched beer muslin and a ribbon in her curled hair she had been once upon a time. All the same I can't see myself when I am seventy dancing a jig and imagining myself at my first ball. I shall probably be quite content to rest upon my laurels—and the cushions of a bath-chair. Nothing imaginary is ever really satisfactory. You couldn't possibly grow fat on a dream diet.

LOUISE HEILGERS.

UNROMANTIC.

She: "I can't bear that man. I wonder you ever speak to him."
He: "Why, I owe that man more than I can ever repay."
She: "Did he save your life in the war."
He: "Oh, no. He's my tailor."

STEP-MAMMA INTERVENES.

Whether it was the smartness of her perfectly-fitting dove-grey gown, or the tilt of her obviously Parisian hat that first attracted me to Everil, even now I cannot determine. Perhaps after all, neither of these would have aroused more than a passing glance, had I not perceived the tiniest and yet most perfectly formed foot I had ever beheld. Yes! Certainly it was those dainty feet!

We soon became fast friends. The seaside café undoubtedly creates flirtations. Within an hour we had exchanged names and had promised to meet; indeed, we were getting on rippingly when—Dolly arrived!

Now, having a step-mother about three years junior to oneself, and moreover pretty in a childish appealing sort of way, obviously has its compensations. Indeed, Dolly and myself had enjoyed many a jolly evening out together when the "old man" had been too busy to take her to some promised treat. The old boy relied on me on these occasions. I obviously was a safe "tame cat."

As I say, the possession of a charming step-mamma had its attractions, but alas! Dolly's youthfulness had more than once put an effective damper on my own flirtations. Last season I had met the flappiest flapper I had ever dreamed of; frills and curls galore. An adorable cuddlesome angel, if you like. For three successive afternoons we had met—accidentally, of course; and we had some delightful times.

Her name was "Dot," I remember. On the fourth afternoon, just as I was telling the tale divinely, my arm encircling her delightful waist, Dolly strolled by, and, spotting me, sauntered up gracefully.

"Oh! Dicky, there you are, you little horror! You know you promised to take me to the pier concert. You are a wretch; now we're too late. You might introduce me to your lady friend," she wound up, smilingly.

I complied, covered with confusion. The cat might have left me alone. To be caught with one's arm round a girl savours of Hampstead Heath on a Bank Holiday! Now I knew that of all things the most Dolly abominated was being introduced to anyone as "Mother," so I merely introduced her as Mrs. Greyson. My flapper replied very charmingly, and, making her excuses, hurried away, much to my chagrin, while Dolly hauled me back to our hotel in triumph.

Next day I received a perfumed note which ran thus:—"All married men should wear rings, preferably through their noses!" No signature was appended to this delightful scrawl, but I knew it was from Dot.

Obviously she thought Dolly was my wife! I dashed round to the hotel, only to be informed that Miss Mayhew and her maiden aunt had left that morning! Any address? None! Thus dissolved my first romance.

Smothering my anger against Dolly, I resolved upon reflection to say nothing. I foresaw that Dolly would find food for endless jokes with the old man at my expense. That was last season. Now once more the gods had been kind when sweet and dainty Everil crossed my path. I promptly forgot the flapper and proceeded to tell the tale anew. Remembering my former experience on the sea-front, I requisitioned the café for my love-making. Ye gods! Once again I was doomed to be thwarted! for who but Dolly herself sailed in, and ordering tea and cream buns, sat herself down at the table parallel. It was not long ere she had perceived us, and, rustling to our table, exclaimed:

"Dicky! I'm certainly coming over to sit by you both. There's heaps of room, isn't there? I've been wondering where you'd disappeared!"

This time I determined to leave no room for doubt as to Dolly's exact relationship to myself; so I murmured:

"Miss Durville, allow me to present you to my charming step-mamma."

Dolly darted me a furious glance and bowed frigidly.

"Dear me! I declare, it's nearly half-past five, Dicky," she said, glancing at her jewelled wrist watch and laying particular stress upon the five, I thought.

"Really!" I murmured, indifferently.

The effect upon Everil was remarkable. She rose hurriedly.

"Is it really?" she cried, hastily, flinging her chiffon scarf round her shoulders. "I really must go now; you must please both excuse me," and before I could say "Jack Robinson" she was gone.

His Missus: "How dare you ask me for sixpence to go in bathing! The idea of thinking of being seen in the same water as a shameless hussy like that! You'll stop on shore with me!"

"Look here, Dolly," I flashed, angrily; "I don't think you are playing the game, spoiling sport the way you do."

"It's all right, Dicky," she mumbled, her mouth full of cream bun. "It's all right," she resumed; "but I'm really too fond of you to see you smashed up—yet!"

"What the devil ——"

"My dear boy, in about ten minutes your delightful companion will be joined by her husband, a somewhat massive man. He's a German, head waiter at the Prince's. He looks a brute. He leaves for his 'off duty' at six, you see, or I'd have denied myself the luxury of two teas."

ETHEL CLEM.

Will somebody please tell us the meaning of the following advertisement which hails from Manchester:—

BAKERS AND CONFECTIONERS.—Wanted at once, a female for above. State age, wage, and references.

Surely, oh surely! if the bakers and confectioners want to get married, they should—but hush, we are observed.

* * *

Many a fellow who knows when to stop doesn't take advantage of his knowledge.

* * *

A Welsh Fusiliers band played to the convicts in Portland Prison. The arranger of the programme is by way of being a humorist. It included "Patience" and "The Little Grey Home in the West." On the next occasion "Break the Chains that Bind us," and "The Land of the Free" will probably be among the items.

* * *

Curious, isn't it, how much bigger the sum seems when you have to pay it back than when you borrowed it?

* * *

Saturday Review: "Deliberately setting out to be original is not the way of great art." Nor of the *Saturday Review*.

* * *

Realising one's importance generally comes about the time that others are beginning to doubt it.

* * *

We are told of some highly intelligent goldfish at the Roman Bath at Bath who ring a bell when they want their dinner. But that's nothing extraordinary. Where we go fishing, the fish are so wonderfully trained that they pull a line which is connected with a bell on a rod as a signal that they wish to be drawn to the surface.

LOOK OUT FOR OUR SPECIAL PETROL NUMBER NEXT WEEK.

BY THE WAY.

The hail-fellow-well-met, innocent stories of the Prince of Wales's life at Oxford, where he appears to have been a pattern young man, illustrate the wonderful democratic improvement in the life of royalties at the Universities. When the present King's brother, the Duke of Clarence, was at Cambridge, the adulation and unnecessary boot-licking that were given to "collars and cuffs" were very sickening. He was rather an effeminate man, but he had one mild piece of athleticism about him, a love of hockey. And there was a sort of special hockey club formed at Cambridge for the exclusive use of him and his set. And you never in your life saw such sickening fawning upon royalty as was seen at Cambridge in those days, such desperate efforts to play hockey with the Prince. Even a famous tutor and author like Oscar Browning used to move heaven and earth to "get a game with the Prince," and used also to talk about it for days and weeks afterwards, when he succeeded in his ambition. They will tell you at Cambridge about the Duke of Clarence and his effeminate ways, and his hockey, and his collars and cuffs even to-day, but we are not quite sure whether another Royal landmark is still going in the famous 'Varsity town. Perhaps some of our Cambridge readers will let us know. We mean the little tobacconist's shop in Rose Crescent, where "Prince of Wales Mixture" was the favourite commodity, and where, in our day, a "daughter" of King Edward, and the very image of his real daughters, would always serve you with the most royal tobacco in Cambridge, and chat about her relationship to "Tum-Tum," the result of his frolicsome and Don Juanic Cambridge days.

Laurence Irving was about the worst-dressed actor in London — certainly among leading actors. He didn't care twopence about clothes, and an old slouch hat and a quiet-looking suit of any kind were always good enough for him. But then he was never one of the "pretty" juvenile leads of the type of George Alexander in his matinee-pet days, but essentially a character actor. "Harry" Irving is much more particular about his clothes, though he affects something like the old-fashioned collars that his great father always wore. Both of these actors were always very clever, even as boys, and Henry Irving always had much greater ideas for them than the stage as a profession. "H. B." was looked upon by his father as a possible Lord Chancellor, quite seriously, and certainly he had as a youngster many of the special gifts that go to make a judge. He was a very able speaker at Oxford, and afterwards, a man who could study Law, and he passed for the Bar with consummate ease. But the stage was in the blood of the boys, and they disappointed their father. The children of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal were another example of the way in which famous stage people seem to find it impossible to keep their youngsters off the boards. Mrs. Kendal, especially, absolutely loathed the idea of her children going on the stage. Yet they all went there, though none of them did anything in the profession except quarrel with their disgusted parents.

* * *

There has been a lot of twaddle written by certain of the goody-goody papers regarding the fact that another outsider has won the Derby, and we are sorry to see even such a fine paper as the "Manchester Guardian" losing no opportunity of "having a go" at people who back horses, and almost gloating over the fact whenever an outsider wins a big race. All of which is very foolish. These papers say nothing at all when, as happened the other day, a certain daily gave five winners in one day. And it is always forgotten that newspapers only pretend to give the very best advice obtainable, and not to enable their readers to make a living by betting. Cannot these very high and mighty papers see that, win or lose, horse-racing is for Englishmen one of the necessary excitements of life, and like all other excitements has its ups and downs (even on Epsom Downs).

* * *

Sir Geo. Chetwynd, who knows more about racing than all the newspapers of England put together, once told us that for years he made a certain big income by sticking to weight-for-age races, and playing up his winnings and cutting his losses. And there are, of course, quite a lot of professional backers who do the same. What's the good of people chattering their ridiculous warnings about the "ruin" of turf followers, therefore? It seems to be forgotten that if no backers ever won at racing there could be no bookies, and certainly no racing. But racing wants very close study, like everything else. As a matter of fact it was the Englishman's silly and inveterate habit of despising foreign horses that caused him to neglect Durbar II. And will the self-righteous people who are such experts on the iniquities of betting men kindly inform us how many of them have got as far as the bankruptcy court in the last fifty years, and how many merchants and stock-exchange men, and lawyers and doctors, and even clergymen, have got there too? And how many as far as prison?

Nervous Tripper (as boatman stumbles): "That was a near go! Have you ever slipped down?"

Boatman: "Werry often, zur! But lor' bless 'ee, I don't mind a bit of zalt watter!"

Mr. John Singer Sargent, R.A., who, although the greatest of living painters, and six feet of open air country bluffness at that, totally at variance with the artist of fiction, is one of the shyest of great men. Very little is known of his personal side, but by the students at the Royal Academy he is known as one of the kindest and most generous of visiting masters. The Henry James portrait which was so badly damaged by the mad women was restored by him free of charge, which makes one think what his fellow countryman, Whistler, would have done in like circumstances. Here is another example of his good nature, and one which throws a sidelight on his character, and which is not known to more than a dozen people. While painting his compatriot, Henry James, he must have come to like his subject more than a little, and the sculptured head of Mr. James in the R.A. sculpture room was carried out on his commission. The Chantrey trustees on seeing the exhibit decided to purchase it for the Tate Gallery, not knowing that it was Mr. Sargent's property. Mr. Sargent, however, hearing of their desire, at once offered it to them and commissioned Mr. Wood to supply him with a replica—a most unusual proceeding for an artist.

* * *

Speculation about the birthday honours is more or less guess work, but there seems to be a general impression that one name on the list will be that of Mr. C. A. Pearson. And certainly nobody deserves recognition more than the Hon. Treasurer of the National Institute for the Blind, who is doing so much to alleviate the lot of those who cannot see, their life being terribly restricted and incomplete.

* * *

Lady Edmund Talbot, who gave the big charity ball at the Grafton Galleries the other day, came very near to being a Duchess, for she is, of course, the wife of the Duke of Norfolk's brother, who would have succeeded had not the Duke had a son six years ago by his second wife. And Lord Edmund Talbot would certainly have looked more of a Duke than does the Duke. We saw the latter in a little Northern seaside place not so long ago, and it is no exaggeration to say that we took him for a tripper, and wondered what on earth a tripper could be doing at the very select little place referred to. He had on a very cheap looking grey suit that looked exactly like a holiday reach-me-down, with ugly stockings, and ill-fitting knickers, and dirty boots. On his head was one of those horrible caps with a peak back and front, and a ribbon tied across the top—such as navvies and Keir Hardie used to wear. And the dark, longish, ill-kempt beard and sallow face and careless way of slopping along the street were enough to finish off for ever any observer's ducal idealism.

* * *

It was quite like old times at Lord's on Whit-Monday to see "Plum" Warner, B. J. T. Bosanquet, and "Willie" Robertson, all playing together again. It was good of Bosanquet, the original "googly merchant," to emerge from his retirement in order to play in Tarrant's benefit match. As for the West Indian born Pelham Warner, he has lately put on mourning for his mother-in-law; but it only caused him to stand out of one match.

* * *

The Laird of Ballyhooly, by which we mean the aged Earl of Listowel, is by way of vying with that "battle-scarred veteran," the Duke of Grafton. Both are hale and hearty specimens, the Duke at 93, while the Earl has just completed his 81st year. By a coincidence, he was badly hit at the battle of Alma in '54 (while serving with the Scots Guards), while the Duke, then Lord Euston, received a severe wound at Inkerman. Lord Listowel married into the family of the Marquess of Ailesbury, and he is a "Vice-Admiral of the Province of Munster," whatever that may be understood by that fearsome description.

* * *

The new Naval Secretary to the First Lord of the Admiralty, Rear-Admiral the Hon. Horace Hood, is Lord Hood's brother and heir-presumptive. Though now only forty-three, he has enjoyed a wonderful career, including service as a middy in the "Calliope" in the record Pacific storm of '89, the battles of Atbara and Khartoum, and storming of the Somali Mullah's fastness in 1904. And what a breed of heroes does he spring from! "I know of no family," says Sir Edward Cust, "to compare with the Hoods in gallant deeds, but that of the Dukes of Brunswick, sixteen of whom fell on the field of glory." They acquired no fewer than five separate Peerages, and between 1782 and 1800 the Hoods captured 54 ships and 2,788 guns.

AFTER THE REJECTION.

"Besides, Archie, they say you cannot meet your creditors!"
"It's a beastly fib. I meet them everywhere I go, really!"

* * *

William Gilbert Grace, aetat sixty-five "and a bittock" (as Sir Jimmy Barrie would say), is still able to score sparkling centuries in Club matches. Isn't it marvellous? W. G. says that his most cherished possession is the gracious letter from King Edward VII when Prince of Wales, in 1895 (which hangs in the G.O.M.'s sanctum at Eltham) after he had scored his 1,000 runs in May.

* * *

Lord Cromer's critical illness has naturally alarmed the great Empire-builder's countless friends and admirers. There is a pretty story of Lord Cromer's kindness to a young journalist at the time of Kitchener's advance towards Khartoum. The youngster had been sent out as war correspondent of a great daily, and he was armed with a letter of introduction to Lord Cromer. After some days spent aimlessly in Cairo, he had the temerity to ask the great man whether he hadn't better start for "the front"? "Well," replied Lord Cromer, "if I were you I think I should take the train to Wady Halfa, and see what's doing." So saying, he gave the pressman a letter to Major (now Lieut.-General and Sirdar) Wingate, then Kitchener's Chief-of-the-Staff. That lucky correspondent was consequently first in the field, and could rely on exclusive "tips" to the end of the campaign.

LOOK OUT FOR OUR SPECIAL PETROL NUMBER NEXT WEEK.

TABLOID TOPICS.

Dr. Burn: "More leisure is one of the greatest needs of to-day." Ditto money.

* * *

"Blind woman wins £25,000," says a *John Bull* placard. We hope she will see it.

* * *

Says Colonel Lockwood: "I don't know much about soda-water myself." That is—neat.

* * *

"G. K." says that there is plenty of romance in Tooting or in Clapham. And a ton in Chester——ton.

* * *

At the Zoo a Russian bear had a dive into a tar tub. No necessity to scratch him to find the Tartar.

* * *

A sculptor has just finished a large statue representing Slumber. It is the first policeman ever done in marble.

* * *

For this summer, it is imparted, fashion in female dress is to take the form of a butterfly. Man will still grub for the money.

* * *

"The bride carried a large bouquet of Harum lilies," says a Midland paper. And very appropriate too, "Turkish delight," in fact.

* * *

The Times wants to know the secret of the fascination of golf? We should suggest that the excuse to swear is the greatest charm of the game.

* * *

What was called a "fruitarian wedding" has been making a bit of a stir at St. Giles-in-the-Fields. It ought to be a fruitful marriage, anyhow.

* * *

"Will Christabel bury the hatchet?" asks a daily. We don't think she will, but we think it would be a jolly good thing if a hatchet would bury Christabel.

* * *

According to a correspondent, Huerta has received a large consignment of arms. Looking at the prospect of flight, legs would seem to be the limbs needed.

* * *

The Dean of St. Paul's says that "a man's best friend is a wife." Unfortunately—to judge by Divorce Court reports—it is quite frequently another man's wife.

* * *

"Maggie, darling, did you see my last massage?" asks somebody in an agony column. It looks as if mixed bathing will soon have to take a back seat.

* * *

"Have you seen the 'Midnight Wedding'"? asks a daily. No, we haven't, and, what's more, we don't want to see that sort of thing. It sounds most improper.

* * *

We read that "Gunboat Smith arrives in London to take down the French boy champion." We hope he has brought the guns with him. He may require them.

* * *

We learn that under the new Bankruptcy Act it is possible for any woman to become a bankrupt. Is this what Tennyson meant by "making the bounds of freedom wider yet?"

* * *

At Tottenham there was a dispute between Messrs. Evans and Bitton as to the ownership of a parrot, which was handed over to the former, whom the bird kissed. The other claimant was Bitton.

* * *

At Leeds a man attacked a girl, dragged her down, and then, cutting off her plait of hair, ran away with it. When caught he will receive more than a wigging. The police hounds are after that hair.

* * *

Referring to the reserve of Englishmen in railway carriages, a daily says: "The mere act of addressing a stranger gives physical pain. If the addressee is of the opposite sex the difficulty is almost insuperable." Now that's just where we find it easy. It's funny how people differ.

* * *

Ex-President Roosevelt defies the cartographical world, and says: "I have put a river on the map. Nobody can disprove that." We won't attempt to. But there is surely a slight difference between putting a river on a map, and finding one.

ESCALATING.

The prospectus has not appeared in the papers, but a new company was recently formed called Providence, Underground, and Cupid, Limited, its object being to provide London with escalators, with the purpose, of course, of brightening our fog-bound lives, not to mention acting as an automatic matrimonial agent.

We have certainly never been provided with anything so fine in the way of entertainment. In one set of everlastingly moving stairs there is a variety which has been offered by no other form of amusement. The tango was just the tango, a dance, and roller-skating was nothing more than skating. But from an escalator a hundred and one different forms of enjoyment can be extracted. You can have races, play leap-frog, or hop-scotch, and you can always be sure of coming to the rescue of some fair damsel at the bottom, if you are on the look-out for it.

And speaking of the suffragette sex, it's extraordinary what escalators have had to answer for already, concerning the Matrimonial Stakes. People are literally thrown at each other's heads. As for the bashful lover, nothing finer could be recommended as a means of gaining a clear enunciation of the word "yes" than a trip on an escalator, that is, providing the moving stairway be new to her. Even if her right foot is not her wrong foot, the vanishing stairs of an escalator demand the prompt appearance of a right arm, and if she's a nice maidenly little thing she certainly won't be able to look you in the eyes afterwards, except through an engagement ring. What could be simpler?

Not only is this wonderful new toy a source of entertainment and a matrimonial agent, but it is a doctor as well. You can't possibly have a black-speckled liver if you escalate night and morning, and what more wonderful combination could you have than this? As a doctor it is not confined to one complaint, for as a meandering medico it is as many-sided—or step-ed—as it is in amusements. Of course, for liver you want to run up and down, but for nerves you plant yourself on one step and stop there just like an Early Victorian lady gliding off into a swoon. It's marvellous the soothing effect to be obtained in this way. For tic-douloureux the best plan is to hop from one step to another on one leg, and to ensure keeping in perfect time—and this is more likely to produce an instantaneous cure—it is as well to hum the words "Tick-tock, the mouse ran up the clock." If people only knew what escalators can do for them it is quite certain that most of the doctors would have to shut up shop to-morrow—although anyone who expected an escalator to perform an operation for appendicitis would, of course, be an ass.

Not the least of the good things to be said for the escalator is the fact of its appealing to all ages and all classes equally, and it is quite time that everybody was made to realise what a wonderful new institution is in our midst.

And why can't some half-cracked poet write a sonnet on it? An old Persian buffer wrote about the "moving finger," and it's up to Mr. Rudyard Kipling to come along and write about the moving foot?

"Step off with the right on the moving stairway!"

J. Anthony Mayhew.

From the *Evening News*: "At an Edinburgh auction sale, two motor bicycles went for a £5 note." Luckily they were knocked down by the auctioneer before they could do much damage.

* * *

Public-houses in Scotland in future will not open their doors until 10 a.m. Scotch workers are much gratified at this step taken by the authorities as they will be safe from that cold morning "nip" during the winter months.

* * *

"I am bound to say a few words," said Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree in a curtain speech at the "Pageant Matinee" on Whit-Monday. There's no fighting against nature.

* * *

A *Daily News* correspondent writes that a goat is kept by Welsh farmers for luck—it is supposed to guard the cows from various ailments. Hence you may be assured of getting the best of butters at any Welsh farm.

LOOK OUT FOR OUR SPECIAL PETROL NUMBER NEXT WEEK.

IN THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

He: "I've seen you before, I believe."
She: "Some mistake, I'm sure. I haven't yet visited the monkey-house."

Be good and you'll be happy—but you won't get your name into the papers so often.

* * *

The woman who neglects her husband's shirt front is no longer the wife of his bosom.

Blotting paper was first discovered in 1465. And still we cannot discover any when we want it.

* * *

Naomi, the daughter of Enoch, was 580 years old when she got married. Take courage, ladies!

IN STAGELAND.

"Not Likely" will stay as long as the average Alhambra production. That is an assurance of a very satisfactory financial result, anyway. Charlot is a genius of freak production, and his Sloping Path set is a very great advance on the Grand Staircase, although we have not heard so much of the former as we did of the latter. The Staircase was a sample of the cheap American goods that everyone tried so hard to bolster by lavish advertisement. The Sloping Path is Charlot's own litle bit of theatrical magic and, as a spectacle, is vastly superior.

* * *

George Grossmith is disappointing. Lee White is the best, and about the only, excuse in England for the tolerance of ragtime to-day. She is the finest artist America has given us, with the exception of Elsie Janis, of the "Passing Show." Comparison is impossible, as Miss Janis is a rarity of another sort. She is the quintessence of versatility, with an *ingénue* personality predominant. There is none of the *ingénue* about Lee White. Hers is a personality trimmed and polished to a dazzling brilliance by experience, easily acquired as a result of her assurance and confidence in her ability to please. Nobody cares how soon ragtime dies everywhere else, but one must express the wish that Miss White may always keep a ragtime number or two in her repertoire. You could never get sick of *that*.

* * *

Miss Phyllis Monkman and the new-found Jack Morrison have a dance that makes your eyebrows curl. Morrison is in ordinary staid evening dress and Miss Monkman is in —well, it isn't what she's in that one notices; it's what she's *out of* that matters. Her dress is the limit: nothing to speak of on top, handsomely split as to the lower department, and with a diamond-shaped sort of abdominal vent immediately under the waist-line. (Owing to the fact that I made my millions as a man-milliner, my dress descriptions may be relied upon. Editor says it sounds like the ravings of a mad plumber with a penchant for surgery, but you've no idea to what lengths jealousy carries one in our profession!) Miss Monkman wears this arrangement, just as she dances, with a delicate abandon that is fascinating in the extreme.

* * *

For the rest, Bobby Hale is a great artist, and we are proud of him. I wish, however, that he would forget Graves oftener. His burlesque of "Mr. Wu" is the best of the many staged in various directions. Connie Ediss, Carlotta Mossetti, Eileen Molyneux, and Alfred Austin are responsible for the bulk of the rest of the show, which is wonderfully good value.

* * *

Meanwhile, as forecasted quite a considerable time ago in these columns, twice-nightly revue is giving the London public a timely fit of nausea. They are buckling up all round, and I do hope we shall be wholly rid of this pest, in its cheap form, before many months. But what about those bookings up till 1916? Some of them actually got that far, and they've got to be cancelled. Isn't it a shame that so many poor artists must suffer for managerial errors of judgment that we pointed out at the time?

* * *

There is another type of production badly needing a lot of discouragement. I refer to the more-or-less "brisk" risqué Continental farce. The artistes get in and out of bed, emerge immorally from endless doors (indicating other people's bedrooms) in all sorts of kit, from the flabbily deshabille to full war-paint. Such a one is "The Blue Mouse" at the Criterion. The story doesn't matter. It is merely a futile excuse for undesirable "business."

* * *

But there are compensations. The Criterion has the best curtain-raiser to be seen in London at the moment. Miles Malleson's "Hide and Seek" is the happiest possible little work—beautifully balanced constructionally, with a very successful shadow of tragedy superimposed upon the clean fragility of the delicate picture of the children's party making hay of the doctor's study after midnight. The ring-leader of these happy kids is Miss Ivy Edwards, whose study of the impish boy Peter is a sheer delight.

* * *

There is a musical production coming along to the Oxford on the 22nd of this month that, from all accounts, and judging by its success at Plymouth last week, should lift that music hall to an improvement in the quality of its programmes. There are tremendous potentialities at the Oxford which need a little cultivation every now and again. "Mam'selle Champagne" is Mr. Durrant Swan's show. Here one recognises a hall-mark of quality where Mr. Swan's work is indicated. The title rôle will be played by Miss Bertie Adams, a bright little Australian lady, who combines brilliant talent with a demurely modest personality that is very attractive. It will be a good show.

* * *

Martin Harvey and his wife are on their way back from Quebec. The Canadians gave them the friendliest of welcomes and lionised them on quite a regal scale. Of the small circle of our great actors Martin Harvey seems to have succeeded in impressing to the greatest extent the thousands of provincial and Colonial playgoers, who for the most part are content to allow the big actor-manager to be here to-day and gone to-morrow, so far as they are concerned.

* * *

Immediately prior to sailing for this Canadian tour I was asking Mr. Harvey for particulars of a concentrated version of "A Tale of Two Cities," which I am quite convinced I saw played in sketch form at a suburban variety house. I am strongly of the impression that it was the Hammersmith Palace. Mr. Harvey was equally certain, however, that no permission was given to play any such version. I am positive it was played somewhere, and remember being impressed with the excellence of the acting of "Sidney Carton." Can anyone help me?

W. R. C.

The Mummer: "Any notices of the piece out yet, Jack?"
The Manager: "Yes—a fortnight's."

THE ABSENT IN SPIRIT.

...s!" grumbled Mr. Powler as he discontentedly ... his toast, at the same time burnishing on the flap ... table cloth a spoon that lacked lustre to his hyper-...ical eye. "I've no objection to the idea of holidays ... se"—(a flower of speech he had gathered from the ... "But not by the sea." And he brightened so far ...emit a slight guffaw.

The jokelet fell flat on the family circle.

"...issie, dear, give your father another spoon," tartly ... the mistress of the house.

"After all, holidays are arrant humbug," continued Mr. ...wler, relapsing into his former tone. "It's one vast ...spiracy between railway investors and lodging-house ... for the purpose of robbing a guileless public. The ...y is a nightmare. Broods of sticky children clamber-... you, and sandy pails and sea-weed falling from ...k upon your head. And the room! Have you for-..., Eliza, those bounders on the floor below we had ... a row with at Broadstairs, and what an absurd fuss ... up merely because a crab Cissie brought back ... the beach got into the old mother-in-law's bed and ...ed her toe? And how I nearly broke my back a few ...ter by stepping on a beastly jelly fish on the stairs? ...'s more to the point," wound up the now worked ...ter of the house, "we cannot afford a holiday this ...o there!"

"...u mean to say that that poor child there," and ... lady pointed dramatically to their only child—... healthy and charming damsel of seventeen ..."...is to have her health and happiness wrecked ...o be candid, you're so wedded to your wretched ... your miserable club that you can't tear yourself

"Poor child, indeed! It's a case of poor Pa! Hang it ... you can't make bricks without straw. Things have ... rotten on the Stock Exchange," (Powler was a ...) "that I haven't a penny to fly with."

"...on't expect you to fly, Pa," chipped in Cissie, ... "It's a change, not an aviation meeting, that

... truth was that Mrs. Powler was a devout ... at the shrine of Convention. To endeavour to ... well in the estimation of their very respectable circle ... friends was one of her guiding principles in life.

"Not go away at all!" burst out the outraged lady, who ... no longer restrain her feelings: "why, what would ... neighbours think! There's the Blathers taking their ... to Ostend — ..."

"...ther," interjected Mr. Powler, referring ... sarcasm to the nature of Mr. ...

"...t the Simkinses going to Scotland ——"

"...only I was in wholesale jam!" sighed her husband. "While the Dunnetts have taken a house down in Devon. ... hoped," sobbed Mrs. Powler, "that we might have ... somewhere near them. Charlie Dunnett will be there ... part of the time. He's such a nice young fellow—a rising ... too—and he's evidently taken a strong fancy to ... Cissie."

"But, my love," replied her harassed husband, "the rail-...mpanies don't allow credit. You must be reasonable."

"Reasonable indeed! How can we look our friends in ... face again if we do stay at home," continued the ween-... wife. "Only the other day at the Sloper's tea-fight ... gave out we might be going to the Italian lakes—that ...rious and untruthful Mrs. Bouncer forced it out of me ... by saying that they were thinking of the Riviera."

"Couldn't we hatch up some tale?" suggested Mr. Powler, ... with a view to pacifying her.

"We might do that," replied his lady, hopefully. "You ...ould go to bed with threatened appendicitis—or ...brair ... trouble."

"...'m not going to stay in bed or stick indoors for any-...thing," retorted the indignant jobber. "Surely we can ... think of some better dodge than that."

After much discussion, varied by occasional tears, the ...family council decided by a bare majority—Cissie, who ...feared neither Mrs. Grundy nor the neighbours' tongues, ...forming the minority of one—that they should announce ... to the world that the Italian Lakes, so distant and vague, ...were to be their holiday resort. They were to depart with much ostentation and travelling impedimenta (to be subsequently dropped at Powler's office in the City), and return separately late at night. Entrance to their house would be obtained through the door in the garden wall facing the side street. By keeping the blinds down, and living as far as possible in the basement (the servants having a real holiday), and only going out early and coming back late (the ladies dressing very quietly and being veiled) there was no reason why their subterfuge should be discovered.

Vacation time came and the plot was duly carried into execution. For a week all went well—according to Mrs. Powler. In the opinion of her husband and Cissie it was horrid. "Slinking in and out like thieves," bitterly observed the damsel. "I feel like a burglarious cab-runner," echoed her father.

The day—or rather the night—came when the whole thing got on Mr. Powler's nerves so badly that he went with his chief clerk to a music hall, and on to a snack of supper at one of the more out-of-the-way and hilarious restaurants. It was very seldom that Powler twined vine-leaves in his hair, but when he did—well, there was no seeing the locks for the leaves. The result was that about midnight the chief clerk put Powler in a taxi, and, paying the man a liberal fare beforehand, directed him to drop the fuzzled jobber at his house at Earl's Court.

The pervading notion still left in the confused brain of Mr. Powler was that, for some reason he was quite unable to recall, it was his solemn duty to approach his home with caution, and if need be to dispute his own identity. So when the taxi stopped, and the chauffeur got down to open the door, Powler fell out on the opposite side. The chauffeur, seeing the cab was empty, went round the back to the other door. Powler heard him coming, and executed the smart manœuvre of getting, with much difficulty, into the taxi again and tumbling out the other side.

"Now then, Captain," said the annoyed chauffeur, shutting the outer door and speaking through the cab. "You go inside yer house and get to bed, or you'll have yer old woman up looking after you."

As the man came round to shut the near side door Powler was seized with the idea that he ought to take cover, and again clambered into the cab and banged the door.

"Here, come out," growled the now disgusted chauffeur—"This is your house, you old fool."

"My dear f'ler," simpered Powler through the window, "my dear f'ler. Thash not my housh, and thish," (with sudden brightness) "is no' me. Goo-ni, old shport."

The furious driver pulled the door open, but too late to prevent the wandering Powler from making another attempt to escape by the opposite entrance. The chauffeur, however, just managed to clutch hold of his fare's coat, but the latter wriggled out of that and crawled under the body of the taxi.

The language of the chauffeur became positively sulphurous, and even shocked Mr. Charles Dunnett, who appeared on his way home from an evening at his club.

"Something put you out, cabby?" blandly asked Mr. Dunnett, pausing.

"It's something I've put out of my blinkin' cab," shouted the chauffeur. "Just look at the boosy sot underneath. And now he's sleeping there like a bloomin' blinkin' innercent kid!"

Mr. Dunnett leaned down to look at the snoring figure—and gave a low whistle.

"Great Scott!" muttered the pained Mr. Dunnett, slipping half a sovereign into the chauffeur's hand. "Here, lend me a hand. I know this gentleman. He's evidently ill."

The chauffeur snorted, but assisted Charlie Dunnett to drag the sleeping form from its position and on to the steps of the house. The movement aroused the festive Powler, who opened his eyes and blearily gazed at Charlie Dunnett.

"Feeling a little upset, Mr. Powler?" remarked Charlie. "Don't worry, we'll soon get you to bed."

"Young man, you—you forgetshelf," replied the unrecinprocating Mr. Powler. "You—forgetshelf. You shee shpirit from Italian lake. Shnurn not—lowly dead. Letsh me—like sholdier—lie, there'sh dear f'ler." And he leant his head again the pillar of the porch and snored again.

Charlie Dunnett dismissed the grinning chauffeur, and then rang the door-bell. "Sure to be someone in the

LOOK OUT FOR OUR SPECIAL PETROL NUMBER NEXT WEEK.

house," muttered he, "as the old buffer's evidently been called back from his holiday and taken the opportunity to go a buster."

After repeated peals of the bell there came at last the sound of bolts being drawn. Charlie with great difficulty roused the now quarrelsome Mr. Powler, and supported him as the door opened. To Charlie's astonished indignation a veiled head looked cautiously through the crack, and, after one glance at him, shrieked, and slammed the door.

"You really must rouse yourself, Mr. Powler," said the exasperated Charlie Dunnett. "Ought there to be anyone in the house? Who was that who looked out?"

"Mishter Dun'tt, Mishter Cha' Dun'tt—b'leve I've honour shpeaking to Mishter Dun'tt. You're no b'having like shgentleman. Thash another shpirit from Italian lake. Shpirit poo' wife. When shgentleman—realshgentleman—shees shpirit poo' wife he takesh hat off. Shanquarrelsh. Butch, my dea' f'ler. you mush bow-wow shpirit poor' wife."

The front door opened again and revealed Miss Cissie Powler.

"Good evening, Mr. Dunnett," said the maiden with apparent unconcern. "Been out with pa."

"No—o. Not exactly," replied the abashed Charlie, struggling for some phrase which would break the facts gently to the fair object of his affection. "I ran into your father—on his way in. He seems a bit poorly."

The irrepressible Mr. Powler here murmured: "Poo' shpirit—had row—toxshicated talianshuver."

"Possibly the Italian sun"—continued the charitable Charlie.

"Oh, that's only pa's nonsense, Mr. Dunnett. We haven't been away yet, and are not likely to go far now. Pa's been so poorly—that we've had to live very quietly at home." The indignant Miss Powler felt no compunction in casting this slur on her peccant father's reputation. "Mother!" called Miss Cissie, looking round into the darkness of the house, "Mr. Dunnett's left father. He's poorly again."

Charlie Dunnett guided the erring steps of the invalid to a hall chair, and left with the strong conviction that there was a warm time before Mr. Powler, compared to which the Italian sun would be cool indeed.

CECIL HASTINGS.

WITH MOTOR-CYCLE AND CAR

Anyone who went far afield on Whit-Monday could fail to be impressed by the popularity of motoring in its various aspects. Everywhere, from the tiniest village to the busiest town, resounded to the throb of the internal combustion engine. Highways and byways were thronged by cars, motor-cycles, and side-car combinations. Quite a good sprinkling of ultra lightweights were also to be seen, but somehow the little £25 models are not proving quite so popular as was at first anticipated. Most of the large manufacturers report record orders, which is by no means to be wondered at. They attribute their prosperity to the tremendous boom in side-car combinations, whose great attractions are now being more generally recognised. Most young men nowadays buy a motor-cycle as a matter of course—just as they used to buy a pedal cycle ten years ago. After the first passion for speed has worn off, after they have sown their motoring wild oats, they begin to wish for the presence of a passenger. And the first love plus a few pounds is exchanged for a "combination."

* * *

Most people, however, have considerably difficulty in choosing between a side-car outfit and a cycle car. The former is generally cheaper, but the latter is smarter and more suited for use in inclement weather. There are on the road very many more side-cars than cycle cars, probably the great convenience of the former is the chief recommendation. "Once a car always a car" the other vehicle can be used one day as a spec[ial] and another as a solo machine for fast driving. At sight a car would appear to be far more reliable than a bicycle. There is more room for the power unit, better protection is afforded for the carburetter and magneto. In practice, however, a good motor-cycle is as trustworthy as anything to be obtained. It is the result of long experience, while the cycle-car is a comparatively new production. Taking everything into consideration a bicycle is certainly more reliable than, at any rate, a belt-driven cycle-car.

* * *

But apart from the mechanical point of view the side-car has another great attraction. It is a particularly interesting thing to drive. Speeding along on a fine day is exceedingly pleasant, both for purposes of [pleasure] and for touring. But somehow few people would use the car for the sheer pleasure of driving. A motor-cycle has a fascination all of its own which is almost as great on drab suburban streets as in the winding lanes of the home counties. It is so very flexible, it can be threaded in and out of the thickest traffic, it will go anywhere—at almost any pace. There is so much to be done, so many details to be attended to, that while in the saddle the most hardened stockbroker is forced to forget the ticker tape machines. And what is true of the motor-cycle pure and simple is true in a less degree when a side-car is attached. Even if you are in the mood, too, you can disconnect the engine and lose count of your business worries while putting the city two more miles behind you every three minutes.

* * *

When choosing a machine for this type of work it is as well to obtain one that will give a good margin of power. A 3½-h.p. two-speed will efficiently transport a side-car, but a 5 to 6 twin fitted with a change speed gear is far more suitable. Very light side-cars can be obtained for light weights, but this class of motor-cycle is not suited for passenger carrying. It is a fatal error to buy a cheap side-car. At first sight these may appear to be well built, but the inferior materials of which the carriage is sometimes made have caused several nasty accidents. A great strain is necessarily put upon the axle and couplings, and if these are not of first class quality there is always the risk of breakage. Ten guineas is a fair price to pay for a good side-car. It is as well not to choose one of a too smart appearance, for the owner of such a turnout is in the eye of the police stamped as a "scorcher" and is thereby made the object of unpleasant vigilance. A coach-built model looks better and generally fetches a better price second-hand. The wicker variety, however, suffers far less from the results of any accident and usually lasts longer as it has no paint to be scratched.

E. B. [illegible]

—Ye—
"Bishops Gate"
Sports House
FOR
Every thing
CRICKET.

WE HAVE IT.
KEEN CITY PRICES.
Special Terms to Clubs.

The "Force."
SEND FOR LIST NOW.

RIGGS, The Sports Outfitter,
107, BISHOPSGATE, LONDON
'Phone—3896 London Wall.
Wire—"Ricochet, London."

BANK HOLIDAY SPORTS.

The sport of the week has not been important save in its quantity. On bank holidays everyone is playing some game or other, and there is no overwhelming importance placed on the results. Of course county cricket and racing are always serious, and the pot-hunting brigade with nicely preserved starts are after the prizes at the bank holiday athletic meetings all over the country. How some of these people do keep dark until bank holiday time, and then in a little tour extending over two or three days annex prize after prize! I don't want to mention any names, the editor would not let me, but anyone who follows athletics will know exactly what I mean.

MR F.R FOSTER.
WHO GAVE A WONDERFUL DISPLAY OF HITTING AGAINST WORCESTERSHIRE LAST TUESDAY SCORING 305 NOT OUT.

Time was before the A.A.A. were so strict upon the betting evil, that men could get their starts "readied" or worked up by running byes at earlier meetings, and then be sprung upon the unsuspecting bookmakers at some provincial gathering with much good to themselves.

But these good things did not always come off. In my racing days of something about a quarter of a century ago I knew two brothers who were astonishingly good at bringing out comparative novices. They worked a fine coup with one of their sprinters at Rushden or Kettering on the Monday in Whit-week, and came home laden with the spoils. They had a greater pinch in a miler to run somewhere in the same district on the Wednesday, but so had another stable, and the good thing from London came unstuck, and the money won in the previous coup was lost on the second. Doubtless, some of my readers will be able to place names and dates to the incidents. I don't think such bare-faced professionalism is possible now, but there are rumours going the rounds concerning some of our big men.

CRICKET.

F. R. Foster was retiring from county cricket the other day; now he is in it going stronger than ever. His 305 not out made against Worcestershire this week is, of course, the highest score of his career. It is also the tenth highest ever made in the country in first-class cricket. Only Archie MacLaren, Bobby Abel, Tom Hayward, J. T. Brown, Percy Perrin, W. G. Grace, George Hirst, and Walter Read, have exceeded Foster's score, and MacLaren with his total of [illegible] at Taunton for Lancashire against Somerset is the only batsman who has made over 400 runs. [illegible] owling the scoring of 100 runs is a big feat. [illegible] requires no small amount of endurance, [illegible] the third century is a performance only accomplished by tremendously strung men. Bobby Abel at [illegible] ops up as the exception to prove the rule, say some [illegible] pie, but Bobby Abel was, although little, a very strong and virile man. Twenty-five years ago or so he was [illegible] fast as a batsman, a bowler, and in the field. [illegible] Zoo out of grass-like cricket he loss would [illegible] Great.

BOXING.

The [illegible] boxing boom increases rather than lessens, and the [illegible] s which will bring the present season to a termination—if it will ever end—are about the most interesting of the lot. I had a chat with big "Gunboat" Smith and his pretty little wife on Wednesday, and he tells me he has taken training quarters at Harrow-on-the-Hill. It is rather curious that amongst the first places Smith went to see were Windsor and Eton, and he followed up with Harrow. By the way, he is getting a big boom at the start, through pretty Mrs. Smith and her feats of omelette making at the Waldorf Hotel. Smith thinks he can beat Carpentier, and the Americans among his entourage say if he hits Carpentier a real Smith punch it is all over. Well, we shall see, but I hae me doots, as the Scotsman said. The contest will be staged at Olympia on July 16th.

Meanwhile the interest in the Bombardier Wells-Colin Bell contest is growing apace. Bell did not get the decision over Joe Jeannette, but he beat him, and the public know it, and Olympia will be full on June 30th to see the match. If Wells wins he comes right back—Wells is always bobbing up and down—and at the same time a victory from Bell puts him right in the forefront. They are two great fights to wind up the season.

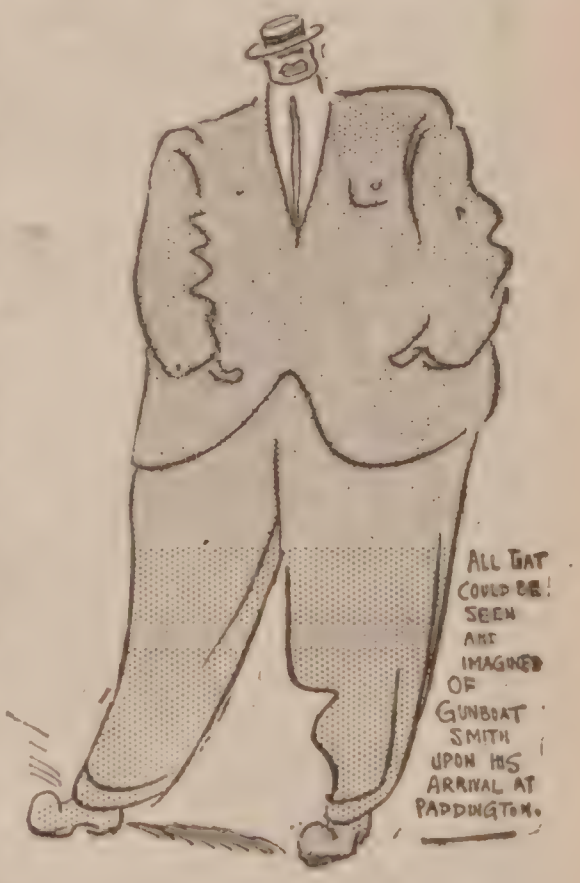
By the way Mr. Morris, of Premierland, tells me he has booked up Young Ahearn and Sid Burns for a match in June at Premierland.

THE AIR DERBY.

The Aerial Derby, which was postponed through bad weather a fortnight ago, has in one sense been shorn of a good deal of its interest by the deplored disappearance of Gustav Hamel, but in another sense it becomes more interesting because more open. Hamel was to use a new machine specially built for the occasion and with enormous horse-power, so that, bar accidents, the race would have been a gift for him. He had anticipated completing the ninety-five miles circuit within the hour, which would have been "some" flying.

As it is, several of the machines that will take part are capable of a speed of one hundred miles an hour, but there are not many airmen who are capable of extracting the very best from their "mounts."

The race has quite an international aspect, with entrants of British, American, Swedish, Spanish and French nationality. We should all like to see the event won by by a Britisher, on a British-built machine, but that is hardly likely. As the actual winner, with the fastest time, I rather fancy W. L. Brock, who hails from the States and flies a British-built Morane monoplane, with 80-h.p. Gnome engine; but there are several "dark horses" in the race, and it is quite within the bounds of probability that Lord Carbery might score a popular win. It is worthy of note that five of the pilots are well-known "loopers," and before the start for the "Derby" spectators will be regaled with something especially thrilling in the way of "looping the loop."



ALL THAT COULD BE SEEN AND IMAGINED OF GUNBOAT SMITH UPON HIS ARRIVAL AT PADDINGTON.

Flying at Hendon increases in popularity week by week, and there was a record crowd there on Whit Monday. Probably further records would be created if people were sure of being able to get away from the aerodrome in something like decent time. The traffic facilities at present are far from perfect.

THE CHIEL AMANG YE.

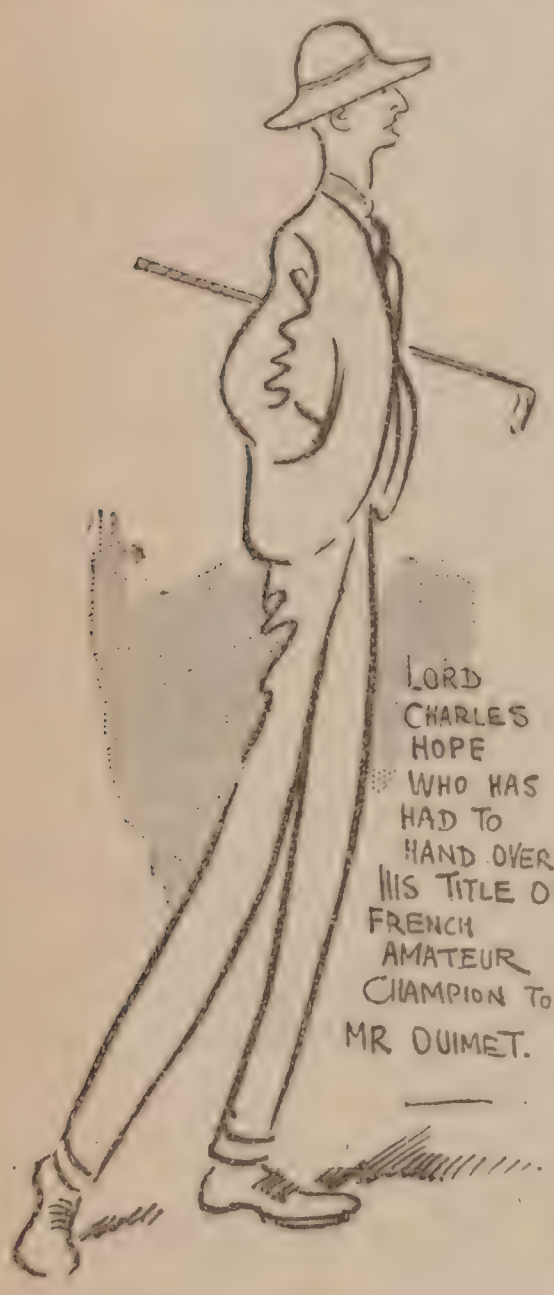
LOOK OUT FOR OUR SPECIAL PETROL NUMBER NEXT WEEK.

GOLF.

What are legal golf clubs? The question is promoted by an article from the pen of Mr. R. E. Howard, who says that steel shafts to golf clubs will be barred by the Rules of Golf Committee just as was the Schenectady putter some years ago.

That putter was, it will be remembered, a mallet headed club, and was very popular with American golfers, and there is little doubt would in time have been largely sold in this country also, for there is no club so elusive as the putter.

The matter was, I understand, put informally to some half-dozen members of the Rules Committee at Sandwich, and the answer was that their use would be forbidden under the enactment which deals with the "Form and Make of Golf Clubs." Only the latter half of that enactment can apply to it, for the "Form" will be the same whether the shaft be made of wood or steel. The "Make," to take the word to mean the method of fashioning the club, can well be very different.



Now I have never played with a steel-shafted club, but I can understand such a thing being very comfortable in use. But does not this barring of anything just out of the orthodox savour of reaction. There must be progress or decay in everything, and to say that a sport or pastime is to stay as it is now is to fetter it. Would cricket, golf, football, cycling, rowing—anything you like—be what it is to-day, if some board of old women had said, "these implements are good enough for us. We will have no changes?"

It is rather a pity for the sake of the Americans that the French golf championship fell so flat. With only C. A. Palmer and Lord Charles Hope of the top class of English players going over, it was expected that the Americans would have it all their own way. And so it proved, Francis Ouimet winning the final from another American, the little-known H. J. Topping, who in the earlier stages had created mild surprises by knocking out "Chick" Evans and J. D. Travers.

I have left myself but a little room to discuss the prospects of the open championship. On the two courses at Troon the whole of the entrants will play one round on each course, and the hundred best scorers will qualify for the competition proper at Prestwick. Last year we can all remember George Duncan failed in the qualifying round. Nerves he called it; it was probably over-training and staleness. But I dealt with the big men last week, and if I were asked to nominate a likely half-dozen among the smaller fry from which the champion might spring I should take T. G. Renouf, Jack White, Tom Ball, Wilfrid Reid, Arnaud Massy, or Lawrence Ayton to be the likely ones. White and Massy have, of course, previously won the championship.

NIBLICK.

CORRESPONDENTS' BUREAU.

The Editor will be pleased to answer readers' queries through this column.

T. R. (Golder's Green).—"Grumpy" was first produced at the Theatre Royal, Glasgow, on September 19th, 1913.

"Flapper" (Tooting).—We never advise girls to go on the music comedy stage, nor give them hints how to get there.

S. C. (Cambridge).—There was a fight for your MS. between the W.P.B. and the office cat. The W.P.B. got it.

A. P. (Norwich).—We are always prepared to consider drawings, but it is useless to send first efforts of a precocious infant who would be better employed with a feeding bottle.

"Oboe" (Birmingham).—You lose. Madame Melba is not fifty until next year.

R. T. (Lincoln), C. A. S. (Manchester), and others.—Send stamped envelope if you want MS. returned.

G. R. (Brixton).—Yes, originals of all illustrations in "M[illegible]" for sale. Will quote price if you indicate which you want. We [illegible] "borrow" from French or American papers without acknowledgment.

MOTORING.

Nex (Chatham).—The police are bound to give notice that you will be summoned for exceeding the speed-limit, either at the time of the alleged offence or within 21 days thereof.

E. J. (Streatham).—For a first sidecar machine we should recommend the water-cooled system.

F. K. B. (Rotherham).—On the whole the chain-cum-belt drive is probably the best.

S. D. (Wimbledon).—Kick starters often give a considerable amount of trouble at first, but as a rule gradually get "broken in."

W. M. (Norwich).—For a 1910 Triumph in good condition £20 would be a fair price.

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

F. S. (Dorking).—Buttoned boots are not at present fashionable.

T. K. (Liverpool).—Coloured bands should not be worn with straw hats.

J. E. S. (Sevenoaks).—For a lounge suit of a good material four to five guineas is about the right price.

Blazer (Northampton).—Any large firm of dyers will be able to subdue the glaring hues of your cricket blazer.

MAKING MONEY WHILE YOU SLEEP.

INSURANCE EXTRAORDINARY.

At Lloyds', apparently, one can insure against anything from bad weather to sudden death (says a writer in the *Daily News* recently).

Underwriters have been found willing to insure against war, the dissolution of a Government, the death of the Prime Minister, or even the Budget. If you are a house-holder you may, at a price, have a policy covering damage by Suffragettes, aerial craft, riots, strikes, civil disturbances, thunderbolts, and subterranean fire.

Nervous old gentlemen have asked to be insured against attack by hooligans—bachelors to be insured against marriage, while a prominent cricketer asked to be insured against making a "duck."

Insurance against twins is of every-day occurrence, but probably the most interesting form of policy to the "Man in the Street" is the Wet Weather indemnity issued by the Yorkshire Mutual Assurance Association. When insured against rain, even the dullest of holidays becomes interesting, and the trifling cost (half-a-crown insures £1 if more than two days in the week are wet—£1 insures £5, and so on), compared with the benefits received renders such a policy invaluable to the holiday-maker. A wet day means a quarter of an inch of rain—about half-an-hour's downpour, and any town in the United Kingdom may be covered by a policy.

A point made by the company is that the whole of the rain may fall in the night or early morning, and as all rain counts, one may enjoy ten hours of sunshine each day and still receive his reward for having his holiday spoilt by heavy rains between, say, midnight and six a.m., when, of course, it does not matter to him whether it rains or snows.

Insurance against rain promises to be still more popular this summer, and wet weather policies are being eagerly taken out by traders, sports committees, promoters of bazaars and fêtes, and countless other persons to whom excessive rain means disappointment, or risk of financial loss.

Certainly no one "going away" should be without a complete prospectus of these policies, which will be willingly sent post free if this paper is mentioned.

The address to apply to is: The Publicity Dept., Yorkshire Mutual Assurance Association, 54, Gracechurch St., London, E.C.

INANCE & ASSURANCE.

The Stock Markets have been seriously depressed during the past few days, as a result of several unfavourable factors—notably the deadlock in the Mexican Peace negotiations at Niagara and the Albanian situation, which is causing considerable anxiety. In certain markets there has been steady liquidation, both on home and continental account, the financial conditions in Paris and other European centres still being disquieting. Consols and other gilt-edged securities have, as usual, receded in sympathy with the prevailing international and political pessimism. Foreign Rails have also suffered, especially Mexicans, which have all been marked down. Home Rails are lower, despite the fact that traffics continue good. Yankees and Canadians are scarcely more cheerful than the rest of the markets, there being practically no business doing. Rubbers and Oils have not escaped the domination of this depression, the latter being specially weak, while Tin shares have fallen, on the recent relapse in the price of the metal. Kaffirs and other Mining counters have been neglected. Certainly, the public are right out of the market, and at present we see nothing to attract them in any department.

* * *

There are persistent rumours in the City that the United Cigar Stores Company of America are about to enter into competition with the Imperial Tobacco Company in the United Kingdom. It remains to be seen whether the Americans will not "strike a snag" just as Mr. Duke did in a similar campaign. Albert Baker and Co. are supposed to be interested.

* * *

Apparently there is now more money in the tea shop than in the gin shop. The Lyons' combination is enjoying exceptional prosperity. Last year's trading revealed a gross profit of over £500,000; a dividend of 42½ per cent. has gladdened the hearts of the lucky shareholders.

* * *

The awful tragedy in the St. Lawrence River, one of the most terrible in the annals of shipping, is unfortunately to be followed by a fierce, bitter fight between the owners of the Empress of Ireland and the Storstad, to fix the responsibility for the collision. The Canadian Pacific Railway, owner of the former vessel, claim £400,000. The underwriters of Lloyd's are heavily involved in this disaster, which may cost them £300,000 to £400,000.

* * *

The amalgamation of the famous Peninsular and Oriental and British India Steamship companies, to confront the great German combine of the Hamburg-Amerika and Nord-deutsch Lloyd lines, may be regarded as the first step in which is likely to develop into a spectacular, gigantic enterprise. The shipping position to-day is such that we shall not be surprised to learn that the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company has determined to take a hand in this big fight for the control of the world's maritime transport.

* * *

A year ago it was quite anticipated that the Royal Mail would combine with the P. and O. would join hands—and ships. The combine just organised would facilitate rather than jeopardise this larger scheme. When the latter materialises we may expect to see Sir Thomas Sutherland retire and Sir Owen Phillips stand at the head of a British shipping combine aggregating nearly 2,000,000 tons. At present the German combine represents 2,117,819 tons.

* * *

Sir Marcus Samuel, Bart., the leading Oil magnate of this country, shares our view that the Government's experiment in Oil share buying is decidedly risky. We asked: "Why Persia?" and Sir Marcus asks: "Why not Egypt, Trinidad, Sarawak, Newfoundland, and other oil-bearing regions within the British Empire, and along our principal trade routes?" The Government has selected a risky country just when British Colonies are making remarkable progress in oil production. Why this boycott?

* * *

We have the strongest belief in the prosperous future reserved for those coconut-planting companies which are organised on sound financial and industrial lines. And it is more than probable that the Stock Exchange will shortly awaken to the possibilities of this important tropical industry, as they suddenly realised the wealth in Rubber.

* * *

From Stock Exchange and Mincing Lane sources we gather that the Rubber outlook is regarded as being fairly promising. The Americans are expected to come in shortly as buyers, probably in the early autumn, and demand may then exceed production. Prices now stand at such a level that Yankee speculators could "see their way" to make big profits by inaugurating a big "bull" campaign.

* * *

On the other hand, we hear of a quiet understanding between the leaders of the plantation Rubber industry, which should mean an improvement in the methods of selling their rubber, in order to prevent the dealers and manufacturers playing with the market at their sweet will.

* * *

We must caution our readers against participating in the Calgary oil "boom," which will probably be exploited by all the dubious and ever-swindling share-pushers who are always on the trail of "mugs with money"—as they cynically describe their clients. Those who get offers of shares in such companies should consult us before buying; otherwise they may get "rooked," for no such shares should be bought unless the companies concerned are backed by London firms or individuals with a sound position and reputation in the oil-producing industry.

* * *

GILT-EDGED SECURITIES.

At present quotations, the following gilt-edged securities yield about 4 per cent.:—

	Price.	Yield Per Cent. £ s. d.
Dominion of Canada 4 per cent. 1940-60	100	4 0 0
Union of South Africa 4 per cent 1943-63	98½	4 1 0
Dominion of New Zealand 4 per cent. 1943-63	100	4 0 0
New South Wales 4 per cent. 1942-62	100	4 0 0

* * *

Happy the man who never needs to raise a loan to meet some sudden demand, or to avert some unexpected disaster for himself or some dear one. Certain assurance companies make a speciality of loans by assurance. The intending borrower must satisfy certain essential conditions including (1) acquisition of a suitable life policy, (2) furnishing of two sureties, both strong enough to take entire responsibility for the totality of the transaction.

* * *

Should a man aged thirty-five need a loan of £300, he must take out a whole life policy for £600, or an endowment policy for a smaller amount. The whole life policy would cost about £13 10s. per annum on premium and 5 per cent. in interest, if promptly paid. The loan can be arranged for three or five years, and is usually renewable. The loan expenses seldom cost the borrower more than about four guineas, exclusive of the stamp duty—2s. 6d. per cent. Sometimes a man's position suddenly improves, in which case he can clear off the loan, plus interest, without notice, at any time. Obviously, dealing with a sound assurance office is better than trusting one's self to the tender mercies of the average moneylender, with his 60 and even 100 per cent. exactions.

* * *

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Replies are sent by post to readers enclosing stamped addressed envelope

"Liable" (Wimbledon).—You need not worry about the liability attached to your Bank shares. This and other leading British Banks occupy such an exceptionally strong position, and are so conservatively managed that the liability involves no disability.

"G. B." (Glasgow).—The Canadian Office you inquire about is one of the best for annuities at all ages.

"Tanks" (Colchester).—The Company has immense potentialities which are being slowly developed by sound management. They are, of course, a "lock up," but those who hold on will not regret their tenacity.

"K. K." (Killarney).—Linggis, like other leading rubber concerns, have had a set-back, but they should be held, as the tapping area is to be increased, and the properties have been overhauled and reorganised on a sound basis.

"Endowment" (Ipswich).—The Assurance Company you mention is quite sound. Quite recently a Government Commission investigated its affairs, and the report issued constitutes the best guarantee of the stability of its position.

A B.C. GUIDE TO STOCK EXCHANGE
(45th Edition, 1914).
Stock Exchange Operations thoroughly explained, also Call Options. How to open an account with limited risk. How to avoid Broker's Commissions. Contains Highest and Lowest Sales for last 15 years. Gratis from Publishers.
FARROW, GRAHAM & CO.,
84, PALL MALL, MANCHESTER.

New and Wonderful Discovery.

NOW IS THE BEST TIME OF THE YEAR FOR THE CURE OF RHEUMATISM, GOUT, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, LOSS OF ENERGY, DEPRESSION.

NO ailments of the human body have baffled the efforts of medical science so much as Rheumatic and Nervous Troubles. Drugs have absolutely failed, as sufferers from rheumatic and nervous troubles know to their bitter cost. Doctors, scientists, and wealthy sufferers now know that the only successful methods are those of Electricity. Doctors recommend them to all their patients who are able to spare the time and money for this form of treatment. That such treatment is temporarily successful there is no doubt, but the benefit is very short-lived, and the patient must take the treatment at frequent intervals, involving constantly-recurring expense.

The problem before medical scientists has been how to get rid of these drawbacks, and it will be of great interest to readers to have the following particulars of the discovery at last of a method of perfecting the hitherto only partly successful Electric Treatment, so as to make it—

1. *Inexpensive,*
2. *Continuous,* and
3. *Permanently Curative.*

The inventor has named his discovery of the "Galvopad Insoles" after Galvani, the famous scientist who discovered Galvanism, or Galvanic Electricity. This Galvanic current has been proved by scientists to be the form of energy most akin to what is known as "Animal (human) Electricity." It is the lack of this human electricity that gives rise to such distressing health conditions.

If you are a sufferer you do not need to be informed that you feel the lack of this subtle element of life, this "something" that is responsible for the moving of the wheels of your life.

Try to imagine, then, the importance of this valuable discovery of a method of imparting new energy to your sluggish system. This, however, is precisely the improvement that is brought about in yourself by wearing a pair of GALVOPAD INSOLES. The GALVOPAD INSOLES are in the form of a series of metal plates, or foot batteries, shaped to the feet, and are worn between the insole of the boots (or shoes) and the socks (or stockings).

The GALVOPAD INSOLES generate a mild and —what is most important— *continuous* Galvanic current that circulates upwards throughout the network of nerves of your body. *No shock is felt.* Only an exceedingly pleasant warming sensation permeating your whole body is experienced, and without the slightest discomfort even when walking.

Galvopad Insoles Banish Pain and Depression Quickly.

Wear them in your ... They will work for your good while you work, play, or rest, while you walk or sit: indoors and out of doors. And no one need know anything except that you look like a new man or woman after a few days' use.

Within from three to ten days (according to the amount of poison in your system) the GALVOPAD INSOLES can show deposit evidence of the poisonous uric acid being withdrawn from your body *via* the sweat-pores of the feet. The GALVOPAD INSOLES can easily be cleaned with some metal cleaning powder.

This may sound too good to be true, especially when the low price (5s. a pair) of the GALVOPAD INSOLES is taken into consideration.

The set of GALVOPAD INSOLES will be sent in plain wrapper, by return post, on receipt of your order (state whether for Gent or Lady) and remittance (Postal Order) addressed to

GALVOPAD COMPANY,

(Dept. B),

199, STRAND,

W.C.

RACING.

BY "OBSERVER."

Much has been written since the Derby concerning the effect big money sweepstakes such as the Calcutta Cup had on the size of the field. Many hysterical scribes go so far as to say that the field would not have reached such big dimensions had not certain owners been persuaded to run their candidates, not because the horses possessed a chance of winning, but because those who had drawn the particular horses were ready to provide a consideration in the shape of hard cash.

The fact that these sweepstakes allow very large prizes for any horse that competes in the big Epsom classic would naturally make anyone who drew an outsider very keen for his chance to run. But it is exceedingly difficult to see how any owner could be approached on the matter, particularly as the gentlemen owning Derby candidates are practically all above being bribed for such a purpose, as they are nearly all wealthy men to whom money is little or no object. Still, the "consideration" may be tendered to the trainer, or to the jockey, for an owner would require little persuasion to run his candidate if he was told by someone whose opinion he respected that his horse did possess a remote chance, for every owner likes to see his colours carried in the Derby. However, I am only stating what may happen, and personally I think that the reason there were as many as thirty runners for the race was because the idea was prevalent that the Derby would not take much winning since The Tetrarch had been withdrawn.

Encouraged by the success of Durbar II. in the Derby French owners are likely to be well represented at Ascot next week. Nimbus, who ran prominently in our Derby last year, but had his chance of success spoilt when Aspect was brought down, will not be among them, but Brulette is expected to make a bold bid for the Ascot Gold Cup and is undergoing a special preparation.

Five meetings are down for decision during the coming week, Birmingham and Lewes occupying Monday and Tuesday, Newbury and Beverley Wednesday and Thursday, and Gatwick Friday and Saturday.

At Birmingham on Monday Valise should account for the Three-Year-Old Handicap, Mountain Fairy for the Coombe Plate, and Franco for the Trial Plate. The Bull Ring Handicap on the second day may be won by Ruff's Guide, and the Bromford Plate by South Parade.

Royal Weaver may follow up his recent victories by scoring in the Club Open Welter on the opening day at Lewes. Tan may win the Three-Year-Old Handicap, and Caterina the Beacon Selling Handicap. On Tuesday Talana Hill should take the Spring Handicap, and Gum Shoe the Southdown Open Welter.

The most interesting sport of the week will be that at Newbury where on the opening day the Empire Stakes should fall to Iron Duke, and the Netheravon Handicap to Shelter well. The acceptance for the Newbury Summer Cup, but to be decided on the second day, is not a large one, but those left in should provide a capital race. As forfeit was paid for Junior, Shogun and Florist are left at the head of the handicap with 9st. apiece, the weights having been raised 3lbs. Should Florist reproduce his best form of last season Mr. Singer's horse would probably win the race. Wrack, who won the Spring Cup at this meeting in hollow style, now has 8st. 2lb., a weight he should carry with credit. October with 7st. 9lb. has a great chance, but the spoils should fall to

RADWAY,

who will improve upon his form in the Coronation Cup at Epsom. October and Wrack may secure places. The Ogbourne Welter Handicap on the same day may fall to Rather Bolder.

On the opening day at Beverley Bill of Rights and Kay Finch should score in the Beverley Handicap and the Westwood Maiden Handicap respectively and on Thursday Wistow in the Grand Stand Handicap, and Scotch Fox in the Brantingham Welter Handicap are likely winners.

The Horseshoe Handicap at Gatwick on Friday should provide a winning bracket for Agapanthus, and the Selling Handicap may fall to Prim Simon. Ormette should score in the Emlyn Handicap on the concluding day, and Gra... in the Three-Year-Old Handicap.

RAG-TAG AND BOB-TAIL.

"My dear," said Mr. Brown, "we positively must ask the Moberley-Meads to dinner."

"Oh, John!" replied his better-half in a voice slightly obstructed by some hairpins she was temporarily holding in her mouth; "they are such an impossible couple to entertain! When people won't drink, won't smoke, won't play bridge, can't play, can't sing, can't even talk—what are you to do with them for a whole evening?"

"Well—it certainly is rather a problem," assented Mr. Brown from the middle of a beautiful foamy lather, "couldn't you ask the Bunny-Hugs to meet them? They're a nice cheerful little couple."

"And make Mrs. Bunny my enemy for life! Don't you know she's 'nuts' on Auction, and they and we could hardly play cards, and leave the Meads to entertain each other!"

"Well, then, there is Dr. Twitchum and his wife. How would they do? You must remember how the Doctor fancies his singing, and as the Meads don't know A flat from B natural, and won't pretend they're pleased if they're not, it is rather hopeless to talk of asking them together."

"Well—I'm sure I don't know what to suggest."

"I know what I'll do!" cried Mrs. Brown, waving her hair-brush in the air, "I'll have a rag-tag and bob-tail party!"

"What on earth is that?"

"You silly! can't you see? A party that gets rid of all sorts of odd people one has to ask some time, at one fell swoop."

"But you don't mean you would ask them to a 'rag-tag and——'"

"Silly! Does one call 'Crème de l'Imperatrice' pea-soup on the menu?"

"No—but whom do you mean to ask?"

"Well—there is that new man and his wife who have taken the Corner-house. Of course they are absolutely a 'dark horse,' we know nothing at all about them, except that Lady Jones called, and of course we have all had to follow suit. Now there is no use in calling, if you don't intend feeding the brutes as well, so that will be one duty done."

"I see, something attempted something——"

"Exactly—we know the rest. Then there is Miss Miggs; she plays quite a good hand at bridge, but she is so terribly ugly; men always look unutterable things when they're told to take her in to dinner, so she's not much use. But old Crumpet'll do anything for a good dinner and a glass of port after. He won't mind taking her in. He's half blind, and may imagine he's sitting beside the Venus de Medici. Then there are the Crombie-Smiths. Everybody turns up their noses at them because her father was a paper-hanger, or a fly-catcher, or something. They'll be only too delighted to be asked, and not mind it being dull a bit. Let me see—that is—one—two—three—four couples, and two of ourselves—ten. I suppose we shall have to ask a dozen people, but not any more. Deakin always gets flustered if he has more than twelve to wait on, and imagines he ought to join in the conversation to show his knowledge of the topics of the day. He buys second-hand newspapers for wrapping the vegetables in, in his greengrocer's shop, and I suppose that accounts for his wealth of information."

"Well! I can't say you've got a very festive lot. Can't you think of something younger to leaven the lump?"

"Eva might come. She's always good-natured; but a good-natured man's much more difficult to find."

"What about that young American who brought a letter of introduction from Uncle William?"

"The very thing! That makes twelve. I'll write the notes immediately after breakfast."

* * *

A fortnight later the guests, who had all accepted, were gathered round Mrs. Brown's hospitable board.

"I say, are all your dinner parties over here like this one?" whispered the American to his neighbour, Eva Merrilees.

She gave him something suspiciously like a "dig in the ribs." You see, they had met before.

"This is what Aunt Susan calls a 'Rag-tag and Bobtail' party," she whispered.

"A rag-tag—and how much?"

"Well, you see, she's getting off all sorts of odd numbers that won't bind in with the regular series."

"And am I an odd number?"

"Evidently."

"And you?"

"Of course."

The young man looked distinctly crestfallen. Over in his own country they thought something of him, but Uncle William had not been explicit in his letter of introduction.

"You see," said Eva, in a paroxysm of mirth at his discomfiture, "Daddie didn't say much about you when he wrote, and they haven't any idea you and I have ever met before, or that you are—no end of a catch in your own country——"

"Or she wouldn't have asked me to a 'Rag-tag and Bob-tail' party?'"

"You bet not."

"But you're here too—I say, isn't it rather luck for me that you should be an odd number too?"

"I don't know." And Eva suddenly looked down.

(The candle shades were pink, and that might have accounted for the colour of her cheeks.)

"Don't two odds make one even? Suppose we make a formidable combination, and always get asked out together in future?"

MRS. IRWIN SMART.

The United States are putting fresh restrictions upon alien immigration, and tests are put to the would-be settlers to weed out the feeble-minded. Here are some of the questions put to that end, with the answers and results in each case.

1.—Examiner: Does God speak to you personally?
Immigrant: I am not worthy that God should speak with me.
(Declared feeble-minded.)

2.—Examiner: If a man gave you all the money you could want, what day of the week would you select for counting it?
Immigrant: Why should a strange man give me money?
(Declared feeble-minded.)

3.—A Jig-saw puzzle was handed to a woman, and she was asked to piece it together.
Immigrant: This is play for a child. Let me make bread, or fry fish, and I'll show you what I can do.
(Declared feeble-minded.)

4.—Examiner: How many legs has a horse?
Immigrant: Eight.
Examiner: Eight?
Immigrant: Yes, one at each corner, and two on each side.
Examiner: That's a foolish answer.
Immigrant: It was a foolish question.
(Declared feeble-minded.)

Feeble-mindedness was certainly in evidence in each instance. We should like to ask the examiners a few similar questions.

"KISSING."

An entertaining little book, full of amusing hints and reflections as well as much ripe wisdom. There are chapters on "How," "When," "Where," "Missed Kisses," "Doing without Gir's," "Jealousy," "Kissing as an accomplishment," "Flirting considered," "K ssableness," etc., etc. A clever and dainty encyclopædia on a fascinating subject. Post free, 1/-

EXOTIC PUBLISHING Co., CAXTON HOUSE, GREAT CHARLES STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

HEIGHT INCREASED 3-5 INCHES No Appliances.
ROSS SYSTEM NEVER FAILS. PRICE ONLY 7/6 complete.
I LEAD.—OTHERS FOLLOW
Particulars 1d. stamp, E. ROSS, 16, Langdale Road, Scarborough.

BOOKS
ON ALL SUBJECTS, Including Commercial, Technical, Educational, and Physical Culture Works. Accountancy and Law Books a speciality. Text Books for every Examination.
SECOND-HAND AT HALF PRICES.
New at 25 per cent. Discount. Send for Catalogues (post free), and state wants.
BOOKS SENT ON APPROVAL. BOOKS PURCHASED.
W. & G. FOYLE. 121 & 123, Charing Cross Rd., LONDON, W.C. 'Phone: 8180 Gerrard.

When replying to Advertisements, please mention "Modern Life."

OURSELVES AND OTHER PEOPLE.

Mrs. Subbubs (just home from shopping): "I saw the loveliest pink lawn to-day."

Mr. Subbubs (who has been mowing the grass): "Great Scott! If I talked about seeing pink lawns you would accuse me of drinking."

* * *

First Stock Exchange Jobber: "Business is frightful, I haven't had a broker call on me for two weeks."

Second Stock Exchange Jobber: "I wish I hadn't. I've got two at home in the kitchen.

* * *

Head of the Firm: "I was just going to discharge that bookkeeper when he married a rich widow."

Friend: "Well, it's all the easier now."

Head of the Firm: "Heavens! I wouldn't do it for anything now. Why, we want her money in the business."

* * *

AMBIGUOUS.

Miss Phiphty: "I overheard the young professor commenting upon my classical features."

Miss Phortee: "Yes. He was telling me he always preferred classical things because of their great antiquity."

* * *

A shop-keeper in the Far West having had a stormy discussion with his wife, put up the shutters and affixed the following notice:—

"CLOSED DURING ALTERCATIONS."

THE BORROWER OF CLOTHES.

The Mistress: "Mother insists she has seen you three times in this dress, Susan."
The Maid: "Oh, no, indeed, madam. I never wear the same dress twice."—"Sydney Bulletin."

"Tell me, little man, have you seen my secretary to-night?" "Yes, Mr. Missionary, I saw him at dinner-time . . . but I haven't seen him since."—"Le Rire."

Lawyer (in court): "My boy, do you know the nature of an oath?"

Boy: "Yes, sir. It's what father uses to put up stove pipes with."

* * *

DIPLOMATIC IF UNCONVINCING.

"Before we were married," she complained, "you wanted to buy me everything you saw."

"I do still, darling, but I'm so blindly in love that I can't see much."

* * *

Visitor: "I wish to see your employer."

Office Boy: "I'm sorry to say he is not in."

Visitor: "Why are you sorry to say it?"

Office Boy: "Because it goes against my conscience to tell lies."

* * *

He: "I am going to interview your father to-night, dear."

She: "All right. If anything happens, I will come and see you twice daily until you come out."

* * *

ANY TIME.

Nell: Eliza went to an astrologer to find out when was the best time to get married.

Stell: What did he tell her?

Nell: He took one look at her and told her to grab her first chance.—*Judge.*

* * *

THE WAY WE TRAVEL NOW.

Indignant Employer: "Really, Mr. Smith, you are very late this morning, and Mr. Jones is almost as bad. He only arrived a minute ago."

Clerk Smith: "Yes, sir, it was a gambling event. Our trains had a race to see which could stand still longest, and mine won."—*Sydney Bulletin.*

* * *

IN AGREEMENT.

Sal: "What do you think of Gertrude?"

Sue: "Oh, I think she is a right sweet girl."

Sal: "I don't like her, either."—*Texas Coyote.*

* * *

INDIFFERENT.

"Let me," some person has exclaimed, "but write the people's songs and I care not who writes their laws."

That was quite a while ago, however.

In our day the laws are about as silly as the songs, so there really isn't much to choose from.—*Puck.*

* * *

THE PARADOX OF PARLOW.

"Parlow is a most tiresome and incessant talker. He's really a mystery to me."

"How so?"

"I can't understand why, being such a bore, he never gets through."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

* * *

BOUND IN MOROCCO.

"Listen to this: 'The Emperor of Morocco includes in his suite thirty Keepers of the Impérial Umbrella.'"

"Umph! I'll bet he's come into contact with some of the fellows down at our office."—*Judge.*

THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

If the "crack" tailors of Savile Row were to exhibit in their windows model suits and overcoats they would nowadays have to re-arrange their display almost as often as do the dressmakers of Oxford Street. For men's fashions are becoming very nearly as changeable as those of their wives and daughters. During the last year or two there has been a wonderful renaissance in the world of tailoring. Why this should have come about is perhaps a trifle difficult to tell, but whatever its cause we may be deeply grateful for it if only for the interest it adds to a walk in the streets. If you stroll, let us say, up Putney Hill, where you will meet 'Arry and 'Arriet on their way to the 'Eath, and lordly aristocrats journeying to their mansions at Roehampton, you will see as great a variety of lounge suits as of blouses. The really well-dressed man will be wearing a three-button coat and pockets without flaps, while his trousers will in all probability not be turned up. He who visited his tailor three months ago will have flaps to his pockets, two buttons, and permanent turn ups. Should anyone be airing a genuine antique (of a year's standing) his coat will have ample skirting and the trousers will be generous in breadth.

* * *

This, of course, shows that fashions for men do change—and that often—although many people seem to think that once they have found a style which suits them they can remain faithful to it for the rest of their days. That is now an entirely erroneous impression. A few years ago things were very different, and everyone—peer and cowboy—dressed very much alike. You could have a jacket with hardly any lapels at all—something similar to what the Duke of Marlborough wore when he sold his own land at Oxford the other day—or one with long lapels, or a "teefer." Those were the days of frock coats and other concentrosities long since defunct.

* * *

Recently, however, tailoring has become quite an artistic calling, and many men of considerable taste and inventive genius have set up shop in the West End. These people do not endeavour merely to clothe a man—they dress him distinctively. That is the test of the good tailor—distinction. The "artist" will make a hundred suits of the same material, and apparently in the same manner, yet each will bear the stamp of originality. It is very easy to tailor badly. Almost anyone who knows how to use a needle and scissors can make a couple of cloth tubes, join them together at one end—and call the result "trousers." A first-class man, however, has studied anatomy and learned how to apply his knowledge. By a cunning little snip of his scissors he can appear to reduce the breadth of that chest, and a little deft fashioning lower down will give a fat man a good waist. For this reason it pays to patronise a tailor who, like the craftsmen of old England, really takes a pride in his work.

* * *

When a very few years ago men suddenly discovered that it paid to dress well there were many people ready to profit thereby. The result you will see in any London suburb. This is the day of the cheap tailor. Those who could not afford five or six guineas for a suit did not intend to suffer from the shallowness of their purse more than they could help. They must have smart clothes somehow, they said—and the thirty-shillings tailor stepped into the breach. This gentleman has met with success that in one town whose address is "London, S.E.," there is a street in which exactly one-third of the shops are misnamed "tailoring establishments." These places are, as a rule, eminently to be avoided. There are, of course, exceptions where you can get value for your money, but as a rule the "one pound ten" produces nothing but shoddy rubbish. Ready mades can be bought wholesale from about twelve shillings a suit, and it is these which are often supplied by cheap, so-called made to measure establishments. They are well creased, the fronts are soaped up stiffly, and at first sight they appear very passable. But shoddy—like murder—will out, and after a day or two's wear the "creations" are only fit for the adornment of a scarecrow ornated in a particularly secluded portion of a newly-sown meadow in the very depths of the country.

* * *

The moral of this is not to expect that one shop can supply anything like the same article at a third of the price charged by others. This is particularly true in the case of suits, but it also applies to shirts, collars, ties, and socks. Cheap collars are the worst investments that I know of, and low priced shirts are quite as bad. At present enormous quantities of tunic shirts are being sold every day. And self-colours are particularly fashionable. Last year those decorated with dark stripes were particularly in demand, but now plain blues and buffs are the best selling colours. Their great advantage is that they are suitable for wear with almost any kind of lounge suit. They should be fitted with soft, double cuffs. With them in the warm days a soft collar will be very suitable—and quite allowable for most occasions. Polo collars—worn with a gold safety pin—are "booming" tremendously, and probably suit most men better than any other type of neck wear. Soft, plain coloured, double collars are also very fashionable, though they are not perhaps now favoured to the extent that they were last year. I notice that people are still busying themselves with new dodges for neatly fastening the front of these. Apparently safety pins are too simple, so we may choose from short lengths of tape with a button at each end, or of pieces of gold wire with two balls which protrude through holes at each side of the collar. The latest novelty will both make your ties and support the collar. Personally I infinitely prefer a plain, broad gold safety pin.

SALE AND EXCHANGE.

Readers or advertisers can insert advertisements in this column to buy or sell goods at the rate of 2d. per word. Instructions must be sent with remittance so as to reach this office on or before Tuesday morning of each week. Letters should be addressed: Advertisement Department, 20-21, Essex Street, Strand, London, W.C.

Typewriters: Smith Premier Visible £9 10s., Oliver £5, Remington £4 10s.—Crawford, 9, Coleman Street, London (near Bank). Telephone: Wall, 9730.

Moustaches Forced on Smoothest Face. Trial supply, 7d. Immediate results. Particulars, 1d. stamp.—Spa Chemical (138) Co., 19, Bride Lane, London.

— Ye —
Bishop's Gate
Sports House
Every thing
FOR
TENNIS.

KEEN PRICES.
Special Terms to Clubs.
SEND FOR LIST NOW.
WE HAVE IT.
The "Bisley."
DOUBLE STRUNG CENTRE,
FANTAIL HANDLE,
15/-
WONDERFUL VALUE.

RIGGS, The Sports Outfitter,
107, BISHOPSGATE, LONDON.
'Phone—3896 London Wall.
Wire—"Ricochet, London."

DIAMOND'S
FREE "DOUBLETS"
COMPETITION.

3,572 PRIZES VALUE £1,820

NO ENTRANCE FEE.

First Prize £100	Second Prize £20	20 Prizes Value each £5

50 PRIZES VALUE EACH £2	500 PRIZES VALUE EACH £1	1,000 PRIZES VALUE EACH 10/-	2,000 PRIZES VALUE EACH 5/-

What you have to do.

Choose your examples from those given below:—

Lovely Lucerne.	Built on Honesty.
Sunny Switzerland.	Money Losing.
Dependable Cutlery.	Friend Making.
Reliable Watches.	Free Holiday.
Diamond's Best.	Invites Investigation.
Prompt Payments.	Press Unanimous.
Straight Dealing.	Honesty First.
Guaranteed Genuine.	Public Confidence.
Lucky Shilling.	Long Established.
Fortune's Favourite.	Integrity Maintained.
Diamond Lucerne.	Beyond Suspicion.
Good as Gold.	Success Assured.

Having chosen an example, think of TWO or THREE other words which in their meaning hav some bearing on the example used. The first and last words selected must begin with any of the letters in the example chosen. If three words are selected, any word can be used as the middle word. For instance, if you take the example "easY Money," and take the letters "M" and "Y," using the word "be" as the middle word, you can make the "Doublet" "May be Yours."

The promoter undertakes that all "Doublets" received shall have careful consideration, and the prizes awarded according to his opinion of their merit, but his decision as to the prize-winners must be accepted by all competitors as final and legally binding in all respects, and entries are accepted only on this understanding.

The promoter will not hold himself responsible for postcards lost or mislaid. In the event of two or more Competitors sending in the same winning "Doublet" the prize will be divided. Employees of H. Diamond are not allowed to compete. No correspondence can be entered into concerning this competition, and this announcement contains all the available information.

Entries must be by postcard only. Letters will be disqualified. Postcards to Lucerne require a penny stamp; those insufficiently stamped will not be accepted.

There are no entrance fees of any kind. There is nothing to pay, either now or later. You will not be asked to buy anything or to sell anything. There are no conditions except those stated in this announcement. Each competitor is limited to one entry only, which must be in his or her own handwriting. Breach of this rule will disqualify all entries sent by that competitor.

WRITE THIS ON A POSTCARD.

I enter your "Doublets" Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions advertised in "Modern Life," and agree to accept the published decision as finally and legally binding.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Example .....

Doublet .....

(Not more than three words may be used.)

Postcards must be marked "FREE" in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to H. Diamond, Lucerne, Switzerland. The closing date is Saturday, June 27th. Be sure and put a penny stamp on your postcard or we shall refuse delivery. Reasonable time must be allowed for careful consideration of all entries, but the result of the Competition will be announced not later than July 25th. All postcards must be plainly written in ink; must be worded like the above example, and must contain no other matter. The Competition is quite free, and is open to all.

H. DIAMOND, Lucerne, SWITZERLAND.

Printed by J. G. Hammond and Co., Ltd., 32-36, Fleet Lane, Old Bailey, E.C. and Published by Modern Life, Limited, 20 and 21, Essex Street, Strand, London, W.C. Annual Subscription 6s. 6d., to be sent to Modern Life, Subscription Department, 20, Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C. Sole Agents for Colonies: Gordon and Gotch. Agents for the Continent: Messageries Hachette and Cie., Paris.